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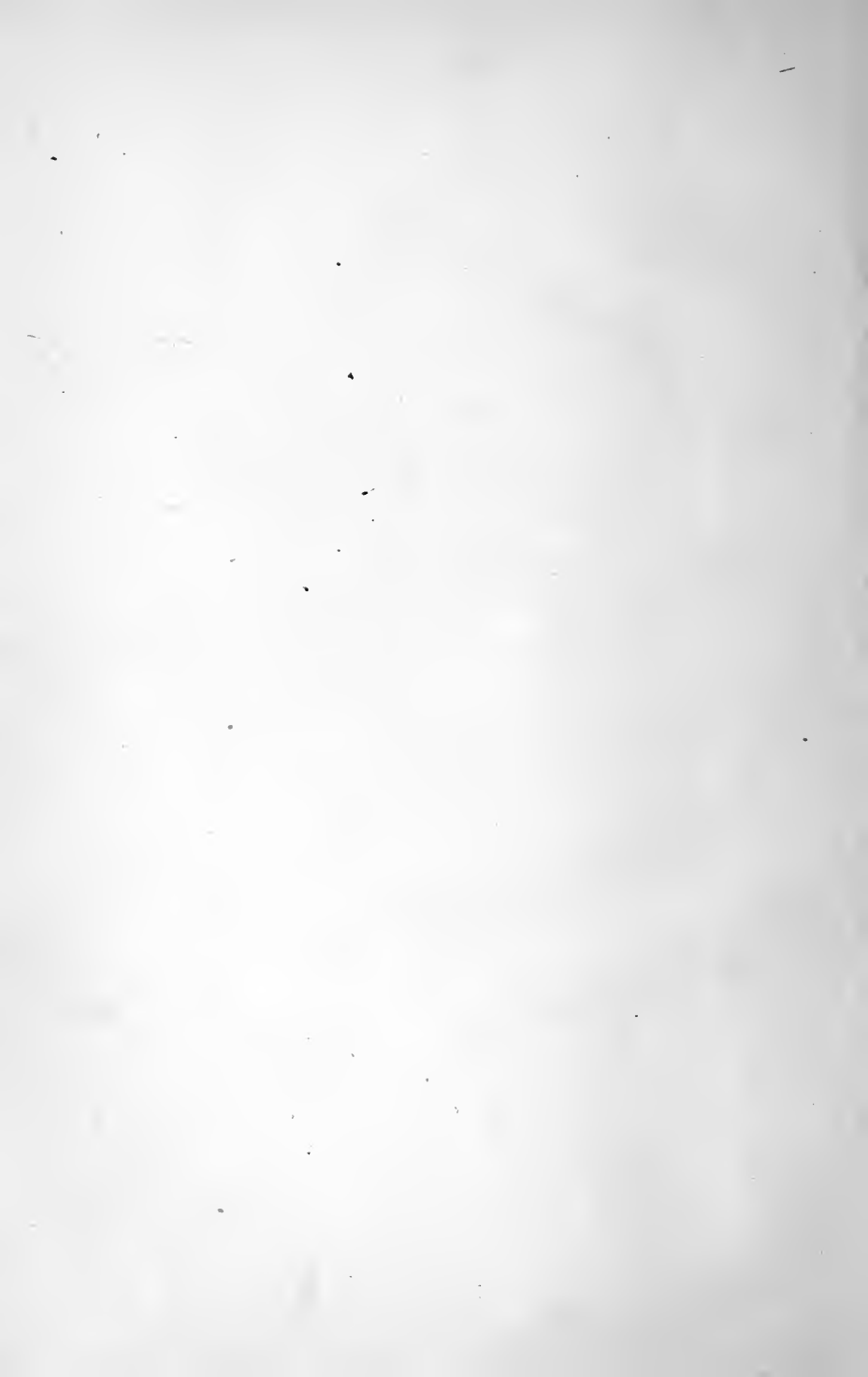
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A
HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

AND
OTHER POEMS.

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LANCASTER: Pw.
DAILY AND WEEKLY EXAMINER.
1875.

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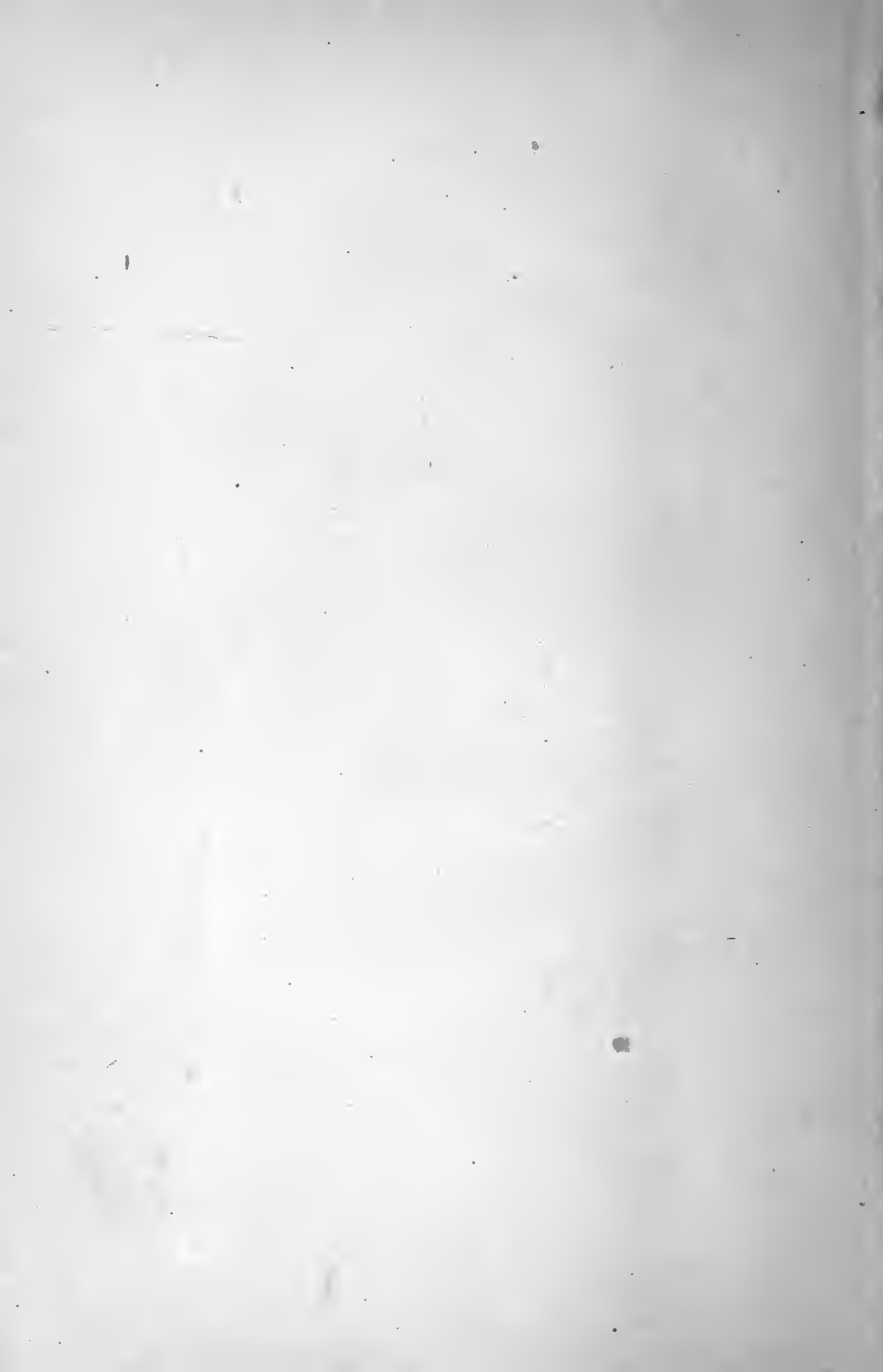


TO

A. E. F.

This unassuming little Volume is affectionately inscribed.





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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*Empires and States, O Lord, are thine,
And thine the rod of righteous law ;
From Thee the wise their wisdom draw,
O Fountain-head of truth divine !*

*Thou windest up the clock of Time,
And bidst it strike the world's great hours ;
Men's puny wrath and boasted powers
Must help to work thy praise sublime.*

*My Country, glory-crowned and true,
O Mother of the mighty Free !
Thou glorious land of liberty,
One song for thee and thine is due.*

*The weakest prattler at thy knee,
That seeks thy sweet, maternal smile,
May claim thy patient ear awhile,
O Mother of the mighty Free !*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I.

PRELUDE.

ACROSS the river Time,—
Across the onward-rushing tide of years,
Extends a bridge, majestic and sublime,
Firm-wrought upon a hundred solid piers,
Whereunto scarce our thoughts can climb.

Bridge of a hundred years!
Thee Freedom's holy hand has beautified;
Far through the narrowing space my spirits peers;
While trembling o'er the joisted beams I stride,
My soul the sacred Past reveres.

A glorious peep of dawn
Looks in the window of that distant day;

Below let foaming breakers break and yawn,
That golden flood still widens on its way;
I see each misty gray withdrawn.

Uphold me, bridge sublime,—
Ye golden-fruited years, divinely linked!—
Unclouded be that heav'n's heroic prime,
Wherein the first fair stars of Freedom winked:
Inform, enlighten me, O Time!

I lean far out and o'er,
And gaze into the misty depth below;
I mark the mighty river sweep and roar,—
The never-ceasing current foam and flow,
To meet an ocean without shore.

Thou wonder-teeming flood!—
Dark stream, o'erbridged by Freedom's hundred
years!
Thou bearest on thy bosom heroes' blood,

And many a tribute dear of widows' tears,
That by thy peaceful margin flowed.

But glorious shall ye rise,
Before ye reach Oblivion's ocean-bed,—
Caught up in dew-bright pearls to peaceful skies,
And with the beams of fame and freedom wed,
Flash round the world as morning flies.

What fragrant, blooming bells
Have I to strew above their sacred dust,
For whom great bards have twined their immor-
telles ;
While armor, hung against the wall to rust,
Their noble deeds of valor tells.

Arise, ye scenes sublime !
Awake, thou storied Past ! Heroic peers
Of peerless days, revive that golden prime !
Stand firm, thou bridge of freedom's hundred years,
High-arched across the river Time !

II.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

WE call to light the buried days,
From out the peace of printed tombs,
When, 'neath oppression's lurid haze,
Grew dark the boding thunder-glooms,
And leapt in fiery wrath below,
Whose fervid flare
Shook earth and air,
A hundred years ago.

Across the mists of Lethe's wave,
From out the long and dreamless night,
Our reverent thoughts recall the brave,
That strove for freedom's sacred right,
And fearless struck the righteous blow,
That burst the bands
Of shackled hands,
A hundred years ago.

More than the figments of a dream,
That haunt the chambers of the brain,
Those noble-statured heroes seem,
Tow'ring above their native plain ;
Their forms and deeds familiar grow,
As when they wrought,
Or fell, or fought,
A hundred years ago.

Their lives to them were dear as ours,
Yet not too dear at Freedom's price ;
Sweet peace thy loved and peaceful hours,
Nor joyed in dreadful sacrifice,
Yet lion-hearted met the foe,
Whose tyrant-hand
Oppressed the land,
A hundred years ago.

Before their homespun valor quailed
The proudest ranks of Grenadiers ;

And at the warm reception paled

Full many a face lit up with sneers,
When farmer-rifles laid them low,—

Self-summoned men
From hill and glen,
A hundred years ago.

Leaving the cattle yoked afield,—

The plow mid-furrow, deep in earth;
The grist-mill grinding, many-wheeled;—

The peaceful home, the genial hearth,
They went where duty bade them go,

Not bought, nor sold,
Nor bribed with gold,
A hundred years ago.

Unconscious they were great and good;

With little noise great deeds were done;
O earth, thou drankest noble blood,

When on the green at LEXINGTON

The sunset saw its crimson flow,
When closed the fray
That April day,
A hundred years ago.

We reap the harvests they have sown,
And Freedom's fruitful acres yield;
We pluck the flowers of peace full-blown
From many a hard-won battle-field;
Our glorious nation's birth we owe
To men of might,
Who loved the right,
A hundred years ago.

III.

INTERLUDE.

BEFORE the Star that heralds day,—
Before the morn's prophetic gray,
There steals, with footsteps soft as dawn,
A deeper gloom o'er field and lawn;

And mornward-fronting pilgrims 'wait
The opening of the golden gate.

“ Oh, watchman, tell us of the night !
When blooms the rose of early light ?

“ When shall the heav'ns be dipped in gold ?”
But while they ask and doubt, behold !

The advent-streaks of dawn advance,
And bring the young day's sweet romance.

IV.

BIRTHDAY OF LIBERTY.

DAY of days, thou hast arisen,—
Broken from the long night's prison !

Shafts of glory rout the gloom ;
Hail ! thou blessed morn of mornings,
Sending forth thy rich adornings,
Till the heav'ns are all abloom.

In the aged State House, gravely,
Sat the good old Congress, bravely,
Reason's forges all aflame;
Long they sat and long debated;—
Long th' impatient bellman waited,
"Independence" to proclaim.

High, with tumult of elation,
Throbs the heart of freedom's nation,—
Beats the pulse of conscious power;—
Booming cannon, rocking steeple,
Sound the message of the people,
Till it shake the tyrant's tower!

V.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

How beautiful upon the hills,
Oh, stately maiden, pure and grand,
Fair daughter of my Mother-land,
Thy feet, by silvery-footed rills!

Th' andante of the singing brooks,
That chant along the valley-copse,
And sunny-breasted summer-slopes,
Or babble 'neath sequestered nooks,

To thy calm footsteps measures time,
O bearer of the palm of peace!
Remain, sweet, heav'nly guest, nor cease
To charm as in that glorious prime.

O angel-brow! O lovely eye
That heav'n's serenest azure mocks!
O waves of bright, abundant locks,
Where sweetest charms in ambush lie!

Thine is the gift of endless youth,
And thine the realm where love controls;
Thou wouldst be wooed by ardent souls,
That pledge thee love's eternal truth.

EARLY POEMS.

*Spring-blossoms, frail and fleeting!—
A single breath of air
May rudely snow them earthward,
To perish in despair.*

*Spring-blossoms, frail and fleeting,
O'erwatched by Fancy's elf!—
Luring the starving thought-bees
From out the hive of self.*

*Spring-blossoms, frail and fleeting,
Soft hints of summer-days;—
A May-day's sweet illusion,
That smiles and then decays!*

RUTH AND NAOMI.

“THEY lifted up their voice and wept again;”
And Moab’s plain was dewy with the drops
Of parting sorrow. Far as human eye
Could reach, to where the circling mountains
 propped
The bending sky, ’twas summer-beauty all,
In bridal robe arrayed. Songsters of joy
Poured forth the rich, full melody of love
From many-nested groves; sweet flowers smiled
 forth
From out the waving grass, opening their eyes
Of transient beauty to the light of heav’n;
O’erburdened boughs scarce bore the precious
 weight,
Ere long should drop in fruitage-gathering hands;
And waving fields stood ripening into gold,
That waited but to fill the reaper’s arms:

All, all was lovely in the stranger's land,—
The land that knew not God, yet favored seemed
Above the plains, where milk and honey flowed.
But eyes, that oft had feasted on such wealth
Of beauty, saw it not; for blinding tears
Now dimmed their vision. Morning and the dews
Awoke the dreamy world to life and light;
Dropped pearls on valley-rose, and gently laid
A blessing on each sweet white lily-bell;
But had no cheering ray for two sad hearts.

They stood together. One with furrowed brow,
And sad, despondent eye, that plainly told
A history of tears, of withered hopes,
And vigils by the dying and the dead;
And yet, she wore that patient look and meek,
Submissive mien, that well reveals the worth
And hidden beauty of a woman's soul,
Wherein *all* hope and love can never die,
And dark despair can never wholly live.

Amid the graceful foldings of her thin,
Dark hair, appeared the silvery threads of age,
Which long, untiring cares had planted there,—
Dear tokens of maternal love, and jewels
That well befit the crown of honored age.

—
The other—still the bloom of life's young day,
With little of its dewy freshness lost,—
Clung to her with a daughter's fond, firm love;
And though the orbs of day-light to her soul,
Whose prominence bespoke the virtuous mind
And life untarnished, trickling gentle tears,
Had sunken slightly, yet their gleam of hope,
That brightened half her clouded soul, remained;
For she was young and beautiful and good.

They stood together—mother and daughter;
They stood together,—'twas their parting hour.
Naomi's words fell kindly from her lips,
And all the yearnings of a mother's heart

Were in their tones. She spoke persuasively,
That Ruth might stay where plenteous harvests
grow—

Betwixt her native hills—on summer-plains,—
And 'mongst the kindred spirits of her youth;
Until through mists of sadness, shrouding in
Life's morning-ray, a brighter sun should flash;
Then might rekindle on some homely hearth
The sacred flame of wedded love in peace.

Once more, as if Impatience strove with Love,
Naomi snatched a final parting kiss,
And would have torn herself away at once,
Had not two snowy arms twined round her then,
Two eyes looked up beseechingly, two lips,—
Those paler lips of Ruth,—thus broken forth
In the resistless eloquence of love:—

“‘Entreat me not to leave thee,’ Mother,
I cannot stay, and see thee go alone;

In the long years we've been together,
How have our souls in love together grown;
And now thy form is bent and aged,
How soon thy feet shall falter in the way,
And like an autumn-leaf, too rudely shaken,
Shalt thou, unloved, unheeded, pass away;

Yet oh! my love would soothe thee,
When o'er thee come those darker days;

We've trod joy's path of roses,—

I'll follow thee on thorny ways:

'Entreat me not to leave thee,' Mother,

I cannot stay and see thee go alone.

“‘Whither thou goest, I will', Mother,

'And where thou lodgest, I will lodge' with thee.

How could I stay and thou be distant?

Those footfalls in the halls of memory,

Sounds of the past in muffled cadence,

So oft would sting me in my loneliness.

Thou wert my youth's best friend—the truest,
And thou didst first me daughter call, and bless,
 When erst my young affections
 The silent slumberer i' the grave had won;—
 The absence of *thy* presence
 Would rob existence of its sun:
‘Whither thou goest, I will,’ Mother,
‘And where thou lodgest, I will lodge with thee.
“And ‘thy people shall be my people,
Thy God my God,’ for evermore.
Have I not parted with endearments—
With home and friends, with household God's of
 yore,—
That with the ‘Amen’ of Jehovah,
Our bridal vow might e'er be stamped and sealed?
And while the cable of God's mercy
Still draws me Zionward, shall I not yield?
 Hymeneal bands have bound me
 To Canaan's heritage of grace;

The longing of my spirit
Seeks rest with God's peculiar race;
And 'thy people shall be my people,
Thy God my God,' for evermore.

“‘Where thou diest, will I die,’ Mother,
‘And there will I be buried,’ close with thee;
Methinks ’tis soil more consecrated,
Than fallow fields of Heathendom could be.
Though thou’st not where thine head to pillow,
And empty and estranged thou seek’st thy home,
Yet, oh! sweet Mother, I will follow,—
Companion of thy fate,—oh! bid me come;
I’ve vowed the vow of Heaven,
That nought ‘but death part thee and me’;—
Nay, death may rear no barrier:
Thy Heav’n my Heav’n at last shall be.
‘Where thou diest, will I die,’ Mother,
‘And there will I be buried,’ close with thee.”

“Amen,” Naomi said, “come, daughter, come!
For this strong plea of love defeats my firm
Resolve; nor will I longer vainly strive
Against the gracious ways of Providence:
Come, daughter, come; and God reward thy faith.”

The morning-sun rode on in majesty,
And kissed the little dew-drops in the grass,
Till up their pearly cheeks a coloring ran
Of sevenfold tint; soft winds breathed soft fare-
wells,
And happier birds sang sweeter in the shade,
As arm in arm they journeyed on.

THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

“Veni, Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum Virginis;
Miretur omne sæculum:
Talis partus decet Deum.”

—AMBROSE.

'Tis midnight. O'er Judean fields afar

A holy silence reigns;

And oh! how brightly burns each lovely star,

Upon those heav'nly plains;

The terraced hills, and every rocky height,

Is softened by the pale moon's mellow light:

How holy, holy is the night!

Where skyward-looking hillocks kneel in prayer,

By Edar's ancient tower;

God-fearing shepherds guard their fleecy care,

At that momentous hour:

If they but knew, those holy men and good,—

By Nature's deep pulsation understood,—

How holy, holy was the night!

Marked ye how on the dialplate of Time,
Lone watchers of the plain,
Prophetic hands have met to sound the prime
Of our Messiah's reign?
And heard ye not within the worlds high tower
The striking of that great, eventful hour?—
How holy, holy is the night!

E'en now, while ye await the Morning-star,
That lights celestial globes,
Bright heralds in the heavenly halls afar
Gird up their flowing robes.
O happy men! what kings might deem delight,
Shall not be hidden from your humble sight:
How holy, holy is the night!

Behold! what light, above the highest noon,
Illumes the nightly scene;
The brightest stars, that lately shone aboon,
Are lost in golden sheen;

And midst the trembling shepherds one appears,
Whose form is light,—whose smile becalms their
fears:

How holy, holy is the night!

And hark! cherubic armies shout their song
Of joy and praise on high;
“GLORIA IN EXCELSIS” rolls along
The archway of the sky;
“Good will to men,” and “peace on earth” resound
From hill to hill,—to earth’s remotest bound:

How holy, holy is the night!

Bright sons of morning sang, with heaven-tuned
skill,

The young Creation’s birth;
And harpers sweetly harped on Zion’s hill;—

But ne’er were heard on earth
Such glorious strains of rapture and delight,

As roll along those corridors of light:

How holy, holy is the night!

But on, lead on toward Bethlehem, nor fail

To mark that heav'nly sign;

The infant Saviour of the world there hail,

Low in the Manger's shrine;

There shines the morning-star, there dawns the day,

There breaks the Light that drives the night away:

Hail, holy Light! to Thee I pray.

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

HAIL, glorious Spring! thou queen of flowers,
Thy loved return we greet;
By sunny smiles and quick'ning showers,
By balmy air and sweet,
Thou com'st attended, to regain
The realm of Winter's icy reign.

We welcome thee that bring'st the birds,
With all their merry glee;
The clover for a thousand herds,
And murmurs of the bee;
Thy touch makes all the sky serene,
While bending o'er the lovely scene.

Welcome, thou resurrection day!
When Nature from her tomb,
Amid the gorgeous hues of May,

Awakes to youthful bloom ;
The earth, where're thy breath has been,
Now wears a garb of living green.

My soul, awake, arise, expand!
And join the happy throng;
How canst thou mute and lifeless stand,
When Nature is all song?
Revive, O Springtide from above,
This heart, to praise eternal Love.

“CONSIDER THE LILIES.”

I CAN not make it grow,—
I can not make the life-streams ebb and flow,
Along its slender veins ;
I can not make one leaf
Crowd skyward, like the ocean's coral-reef,
With all my care and pains.

Sweet lily of my care,
To give thee daily moisture, sun and air,
Affords me dear employ,
And as each bloom, on roll,
Unfolds the silky whiteness, like a scroll,
It looks its lily-joy.

I cannot make thee grow,—
I can not make thy first pure bell of snow
Come forth, in queenly state;—

First silver cup to be,—
Fulfillment of thy young life's prophecy,
For which I wait and wait.

Lo! heav'n its gates unbars,
And golden sunlight, silvery moon and stars,
Sail o'er the silent sky;
And morning's saffron light;—
Auroral glintings from the far north night,—
All greet me by and by.

And as I gaze and gaze
Upon those golden islands, all ablaze,
In heav'n's ethereal sea,
Mid half unconscious sighs,
And homeward-longing looks to yon fair skies,
There comes a thought to me.

Behold the thoughts of Love!
The Hand that launched those mighty worlds
above,

And guides them evermore ;
The Maker's hand that winds
The clock-work of the universe, and binds
The seas from shore to shore ;

The Hand that's ne'er at rest,—
That paints the rosy sunset of the West,
And pilots cloud and storm,—
That plastic Hand divine,
In robes of beauteous grace, sweet lily mine,
Adorns thy comely form.

Lilies of field and flood,—
Lilies in meek and lonely sisterhood,
That fringe the valley-brooks,
Ye all alike do share,
In silent trust, a loving Father's care,
As says the Book of books.

Ye toil not gold to find,

Nor spin, like lilies of the human kind,

Nor weave the silken woof;

Yet robed in fairer state,

Than Solomon in all his glory great,

Beneath a gilded roof.

Your lovely, silent brows

Ye ever raise to heaven, and make your vows

To Him that loveth you;—

To him that called you fair,

From virgin lips, ye breathed your incense-prayer,

When at his feet ye grew.

In silver chalice bright

Ye catch the crystal dew of heav'n at night,

Distilling one by one;

To creatures of the dust

Ye preach the wealth of heav'n-directed trust,

And cheer them on and on.

Not gentler rocks, I deem,

Upon the silver-rippled river-stream,
The downy-breasted swan,
Than ye, at sunny rest,
Upon the placid lake's unruffled breast,
From dewy dawn till dawn.

Go, bee, where nectar drips,—
Go taste the honey of the roses' lips,
And go and come all day;
But go thou not to sup
Deep in the lily's white and stainless cup,—
Go not, go not, I say!

Go not, sin-pampered knave,
To batten on the pure, the good and brave,
Excusing blind caprice;
Nor steep in purple shame
The snowy robe of innocence, and dream
Thy guilty soul at peace.
Sweet lilies of the vale,—

Ye cloistered maidens, lovely, yet so frail!—

Why bloom ye all unseen?

Why must the wooer bold,

Who would unsought those hidden charms behold,

First lift your veils of green?

Methinks ye have not lost

Your Eden-loveliness, when fell that frost—

The blighting frost of sin;

Bloom on, ye sweet and fair,

Breathe odorous music on the list'ning air,—

Prompt purer thoughts within.

And woo us back to God,

And Paradise restored, where never trod

The foot of with'ring strife;

O spotless things of earth!

Ye seem to me a race of heavenly birth

That preach a purer life.

We hail the sturdy oak,

With mighty arms advanced, as with a stroke,
To fight the wintery wind;—
The glory of the hills,
And lordly peer beside the wood-land rills,
Tree-king of every kind.

Yet inharmonious all
Would quiring Nature's grandest music fall
On list'ning souls, it woke,
Did not the weak and strong,
The beautiful and grand, make up the song,—
The lily and the oak.

From Eden's lovely bowers
They followed woeful man mid darkest hours,
Far down the vale of tears;
They cheer us for a time
On this bleak shore, until we reach the clime,
Where bliss has dateless years.

We twine them in a wreath,

And crown the bride; on sacred vow they breathe

A silent, sweet "Amen;"

We place them with a tear

In ice-cold hands of loved and lost ones here,

And weigh thee Now and Then.

And by the couch of pain,

Or where the slow and raging fevers reign—

Sweet ministrants of love,—

These lily-saints of light

Keep silent watch, and spurn the gloomy night,

Like angels from above.

Beautiful thoughts of God!

Fit emblems of Incarnate Love, who trod

Earth's rugged paths and vile;

His priceless jewels to win,

That Lily pure among the thorns of sin,

Relinquished Heaven awhile.

Oh! lily fair and fine,—

Sweet lily mine, and yet not wholly mine,
I could not make thee grow;
Nor could I thrice and thrice,
With all my care and pains, or fond device,
Make thy six lilies blow.

There is an unseen Power,
That makes the oak an oak, the flower a flower,
And thee so sweet and fair;
Nor thou, dear heavenly gift,
Nor I, on life's wild sea, can ever drift
Beyond His love and care.

THE EASTER-VOW.

THE day returns, the happy day,

That made our love divine;

With sacred care 'tis hid away,

In memory's golden shrine:

Then our young hearts like meeting currents met,

And hope in deeper stream dropped anchorlet.

All in the Springtide's budding prime,—

All 'neath the height'ning sun,—

All midst an Easter's silvery chime,

Was greener life begun;

And like Spring-flowers, to sun-light from above,

So oped our hearts to brighter beams of love.

Ah! like the sweet white lily-bells,

That bloom i' the valley glades,

Or where the babbling brooklets swell,

They scent the lonely shades ;
So thou didst bloom to God and solitude,
Unlike thy sister-roses, bold and wooed.

And I had nursed for many a day
A pleasing, untold smart ;
Sweet incense on the altar lay,
The altar of my heart,
Unburned, till thou didst lend the flame, 'tis plain
For only love can answer love again.

Pure love in two congenial souls
Must have its source above ;—
O let us seek the stream that rolls
From forth the Fount of Love ;
Together seek our mated souls His grace,—
Together bring this tribute to His praise :

Father, to Thee
We lift the meek, adoring eye ;

O draw us, keep us ever nigh,
Father, to Thee.

Jesus, to Thee
We dedicate these hearts anew;
Our deepest, warmest love is due,
Jesus, to Thee.

Spirit, to Thee
Our earnest, longing souls aspire;
O sanctify our hearts entire,
Spirit, for Thee.

THE EVENING WIND.

SOFTLY murmur gentle breezes,
Sighing through each leafy bough;
Often when the turmoil ceases,
Do ye fan my burning brow.
Whither, cooling current, gliding
Through the gath'ring shades of night?
Thee what unseen hand is guiding
On thy mission of delight?

He that stationed high in heaven
Yonder glorious orb of day;
He that leads at stilly even
Forth each star in bright array;
He that scooped the ocean-fountains,—
Guides the brook through grassy glen;
He that calls the springs from mountains,
Bade me seek the haunts of men.

Bade me breathe on shutting flower,
 Meekly bowing on its breast;—
Rock awhile in shady bower
 Little wood-birds in their nest;
Then through parted curtains stealing,
 Kiss the tender child asleep;—
Bade me bring a balm of healing
 To the wounded hearts that weep.

Bade me seek the poor man's dwelling,
 Resting on his door-way sill,
From his breast each care dispelling,
 And to ward off every ill;—
Through the old man's window pressing,
 Where the ancient ivies twine,
Bade me breathe a generous blessing
 Round his silver locks divine.

Wind of evening, calm and soothing,
 Brother of the twilight-shades!

Often in my lonely musing,
When the day-star's glory fades,
Hear I angel-whispers faintly
And a sound like rushing wings;
Deem I hear a music saintly,—
Seraphs touching golden strings.

Go, then, noiseless wanderer, laden
With sweet balms to ease fatigues;
Lift the ringlets of the maiden
Lightly from her rosy cheeks;
Go, and whisper happy greeting
Round the "College on the Hill,"
Tell them that my heart is beating
Warm in love and friendship still.

Go upon the mighty ocean,
Where the mountain-billows roll,—
After toil and wild commotion,

Calm the sailor's fainting soul;
And his home-sick bosom swelling,
At thy gentle undertone,
Shall rejoice to hear thee telling
Of the land he calls his own.

Go, when Hesperus is leading
Forth his sentry-host on high,
Soothe the wounded soldier, bleeding,
Whisper peace to those that die;
When the parting spirit ceases
To inspire the heaving breast,
Swell its sails, ye gentle breezes,
Toward the haven of the blest!

Sweetest charmer, ne'er forgetting
First to greet the evening-star,
When my earthly sun is setting,
May thy solace be not far;

Native once of Eden's bower,

Come, when those who loved me best,

Cherish o'er my grave no flower,

Visit oft my lonely rest.

MY OLD TRUNK AND I.

THERE was a time when this old trunk was new,
And he and I went forth to try the world;
The stately ships, with floating flags unfurled,
Seemed proud to bear us forth 'twixt blue and blue:
Thus, true and tried,
O'er seas we plied,
When this old trunk was new.

But ah! we've changed, and all things changed we
knew;
Then both were fresh, untried, and I was green;
We are not now the same as we have been:
The sterner sun of noonday sipped the dew
Of youthful prime,
That pearly time,
When this old trunk was new.
Within these wooden walls, that seem to you

The leathern shreds of some mammalian back,
Did I my all of worldly treasure pack,
And deemed that I was rich, and held it true,
In days long spent,
'Mid calm content,
When this old trunk was new.

And yet, how many an anxious thought I knew,
When I awaited oft, though tough of skin,
To take him back with all his ribs crushed in,
From baggage-men, or steamship's ruffian crew;
How wrung my peace
With fears like these,
When this old trunk was new.

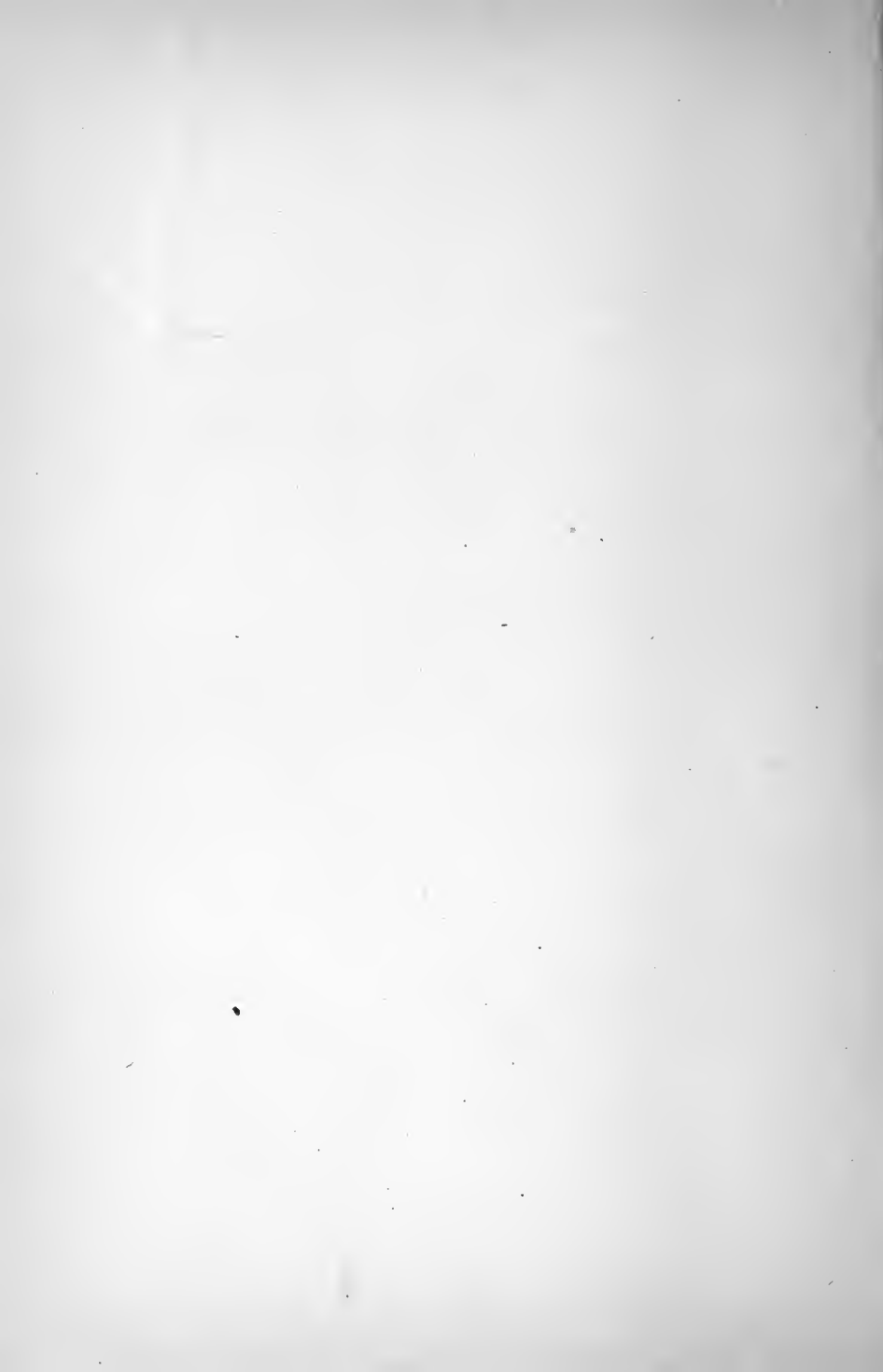
Behold him wear upon his forehead true
The lable-landmarks of a foreign shore ;
These monimental scraps conceal a store
Of unrecorded history to you,—

To me, each seal
Was something real,
When this old trunk was new.

Had he but language, had he speech, to you,
To me, to all, what tales might he unfold:
How, from those sacred precincts, fingers bold
A holy greenback of the Church withdrew,—
Not in the blaze
Of palmy days,
When this old trunk was new.

Aye, had he language, had he speech and knew
The use of rhyme and feet, he'd ply his art,
And tell what written treasures of the heart
He kept, and how one o'er him stooped to view
An image sweet,
He loved to greet,
When this old trunk was new.

There was a time when this old trunk was new,
But hardships manifold have worn him down;
For him I fain would twine a lasting crown;
Honor to him, my noble friend and true,
Who still is left
Of treasures reft,
When this old trunk was new.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.



ONLY A GLIMPSE.

A poem delivered at the Thirty-eighth Anniversary of the Goethean Literary Society, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., May 9, 1873.

KING of the golden sceptre—

Sun of the orient noon!

Sky of the blue and saffron,

Bland as the maiden moon!

Clouds of the feathery cirrus,

Flitting and fading full soon!

Prompt me awhile in my dreams of heaven:

Sweet is the sympathy Nature has given,

Oft as my spirit has heavenward striven.

Peak of the star-tipt mountain,

Battered by storm and hail!

Beautiful lea of the valley!

Stream of the silvery trail!

Queen of the gardens of Sharon!

Sweet-scented lily of the vale!—

Prompt me awhile in my dreams of heaven:

Sweet is the sympathy Nature has given,

Oft as my spirit has heavenward striven.

'Tis but afternoon, the golden summer's balmy af-
ternoon;

Earth and all her myriad forms of beauty share the
heavenly boon.

Midway 'twixt the empyrean and his rosy couch
the sun

Shifts his bright pavilion westward;—cloudless had
his course begun;

Cloudless still, benignant like a father's smile the
splendor falls,

Bathing Moab's verdant plain in light, and Nebo's
granite walls.

Crystal waters leap from rock to rock, and flash
with fitful light,
Like a shower of starry brilliants, falling in the
silent night.

Now and then the zephyrs lightly lift the tresses of
the trees;
Now and then in chorus join the building bird and
busy bees.

Sunny ripples kiss the flow'rets, leaning o'er the
river's rim,
While the dangling willows dally with the water's
glassy brim.

All is harmony, and peace, and love, and joy below
—on high,
As it were the festal-day and bridal of the earth
and sky.

Yet, why hangs there o'er the camp of yonder
mighty host this day,
Heavily, a cloud of gloom, that penetrates no
heavenly ray;

Why upon the sacred stillness of the balmy, peaceful
air
Break the muffled tones of murmur, as of stricken
souls in pray'r?

Why arises from that throng the stifled sob and
heavy groan,
Growing loud and louder, like the swelling of the
ocean's moan?

Lo, a nation weeps! and, gazing up that rocky
mountain slope,
All that orphaned people beat their breasts, as
those who have no hope;—

Watch a lonely figure climb the steep, whose face
they never more shall see,
Growing fainter as the shadows lengthen on the
velvet lea;

Till upon a beetling cliff, that overlooks the depth
below,
Stands in bold relief a living statue in the sunlight
glow.

Noblest type of man, "take him for all in all"—in
every sphere,—
Grand above the bard's conception, sun! when
hast thou seen his peer?

His has been the mighty pen that wrote the first
historic page;
His the grand, immortal epic of the worlds pri-
meval age.

Ere the Grecian Homer sang Achilles' wrath, his
lofty strain

Long had echoed down the corridors of Time that
grand refrain,

Which has melted into music on the honeyed
tongue of Greece;

And '*Genestho Phos*'* will echo on when time itself
shall cease.

'Tis the leader of the hosts of God—and well his
loss they mourn—

Moses, servant of the great I AM, of men the
meekest born.

Noble scion of a princely root! when the spoiler's
cruel hand

Plucked the tender shoots of Israel, within a servile
land.

* "Let there be light!"—Motto of the Society.

Thee, a blossom of unearthly beauty, culled from
ruin's rock,
God appointed saviour, guide and shepherd of His
chosen flock.

Aye, and thou hast been a sturdy oak to yonder
swaying vine,
Brought from Egypt's soil to flourish on the hills
of Palestine.

In the stormy tumult of that surging sea of human
souls,
Thou hast stood alone, a tower of light above the
rocks and shoals ;

Led them by a father's hand from Nilus on to Ca-
naan's verge,
Standing oft between the frail offenders and Jeho-
vah's scourge.

Long and weary was the march: before thee lie the
goodly hills;

Far behind the dreary desert with its many woes
and ills.

But another's rod shall guide the tribes in their
triumphal march,

When thy silent slumber shall be undisturbed by
mortal search.

Now the patriot has looked his last upon the tented
plain,

And the pearl of sorrow in his eye bespeaks an in-
ward pain.

Yet, 'tis not the pain of unrelenting grief for fruit-
less years;

But the softened tenderness of chastened love that
speaks in tears;—

'Tis the holy calm of eventide, that ends his day of
life,

All the sweeter after tempest for the clouds and
stormy strife.

And his rocky pathway now is ended—ended in the
light,—

On the peak of Pisgah, cloud-embosomed in the
ether height.

Oh! if thou hast ever stood upon the mountain's
lofty crest,

With emotions of a boundless joy within the heav-
ing breast,

While the sun a moment lingered on the threshold
of the West,

Ere behind the sombre curtains of the hills he went
to rest,—

Lingered doubtful there awhile, with locks unshorn
and golden-curled,

As to bid farewell and throw a parting kiss across
the world;

And thy dewy eyes have looked upon the bosom of
the plain,

Peaceful as the sleeper's brow, without the shadow
of a pain;

Then, methinks, before thy spirit's vision rose a
landscape fair,

With the highest height of Nebo, tow'ring in the
ambient air.

Thou hast thought on him, who caught a glimpse
of all that lovely scene,

With enlargement of his vision, and an eye pro-
phetic keen.

How majestic, like a pillar o'er the ruins of a
plain!

Looking back upon the mighty stretch of sand and
tombs of slain.

O the dreary, dreary desert! O the barren, barren
land!

Where the ruins of the mighty dead are crumbling
in the sand.

From thine ark of rushes; from the reedy fringe of
delta'd Nile,

God in love has brought thee safely: turn thee,
turn thee now awhile.—

Turn and view the goodly land, thy soul so long
has yearned to see,

'Tis the last, the crowning favor of Jehovah's love
to thee.

Lo! an hundred years and twenty left the furrows
on thy brow,
Left thy locks a silver glory, but thy strength they
could not bow;—

Could not quench nor dim the starry lustre of
thine eagle eye,
'Tis unclouded, piercing to the utmost purple rim
of sky.

What a miracle of beauty sleeps before his ravished
sight!

What a lovely Eden, smiling in the sunset's golden
light!

Sheltered by the guardian hills and waving palms
of fragrant breath,
Jordan rushes boldly onward, merging in the Sea
of Death.

Many a limpid vein, that brings its tribute from
the distant hills,
Swells the stately stream, and feels the fresh pulsa-
tions of the rills.

Many a broad expanse of emerald meadow, many
a smiling dell,
Breaks in lovely dimples on the face of slanting
hill and fell.

Nestling in its grove of palms, the palm of cities,
Jericho,
Sits a queen beneath her canopy of branches, far
below;

Far beyond, the rosy fields of Sharon kneel before
his view,
Waiting for the nightly benedictions of the pearly
dew,

In the distant North, the flushed and bending
 heavens, as they bow,
Lay a warm and rosy cheek on Hermon's cold and
 snowy brow.

Lebanon's majestic cedar-crown, and Carmel's
 blooming height,
Loom before his eager gaze, and thrill his soul
 with calm delight.

Yet, 'tis not the lovely landscape, resting 'neath
 the smile of heav'n,
That alone can keep his vision spell-bound, in the
 calm of even.

His prophetic soul, methinks, has caught a glimpse
 of nobler scenes:

O the bright and glorious future, O the night that
 intervenes!

Bethlehem, at midnight, in its ampitheatre of
hills,

Suddenly is changed to glorious noon-day, and
with music fills.

Far-sonorous symphonies of angels, with enchanting
strains,

Echo and re-echo nightly o'er Judeah's hills and
plains.

And that lowly manger, with its wondrous Babe
methinks he sees,—

Sees the lovely star that trembles o'er it in yon
dome of peace;—

Sees the only Sinless One, where Galilean billows
roar,

Breaking in melodious swells of foam upon the
emerald shore.

Last of all, the Prince of life, the mighty Sufferer
hangs in death;
Calvary is shaken by an earthquake's deep, convulsive breath.

High on Nebo's rocky shoulder, Moses leans his
head to die;
Lonely couch of death! no human ear may catch
his parting sigh.

There no friendly hand may smooth his pillow for
the dreamless sleep;
None may whisper words of peace and love, and
o'er him gently weep.

Yet, within the arms of Heav'nly love, and meekly
pillowed there,
Oh! how seems it but an answer to his oft-repeated
pray'r.

He had longed for Canaan,—only for the type of
that above:

God bestows the antitype, the home of peace and
love.

Strike, ye angels, strike your golden harps! ye
Seraphim, begin!

Stand apart, ye hosts, and let the grand procession
pass between!

All ye heavenly wardens, stationed on the battle-
mented height,

Light the starry tapers, deep within the azure vault
of night!

Ne'er a mighty one of earth had burial half so
grand and blest;

For Jehovah digs the grave, and bears him to his
lonely rest.

Shift, oh, shift, ye purple hangings!

Ere the twilight quench the day,—

Ere the remnant of its glimmer

Fades in gloom and fades for aye.

Sweetest hour of balmy visions!—

On this foreland's crest of gold,

Bending o'er the unknown ocean,—

Wrap me in thy mystic fold.

Here we'll watch the cloudy strata

Drifting on the burning tide;

Here we'll mark the changing glory

Westward on its journey glide.

Here the billows break in music

On the rocks and sands of Time,—

Tidal-waves by angels started,

Ending here in heav'nly rhyme.

Yet the cloudy veil of crimson

Now methinks is rent in twain;

Brighter vistas of the golden,

Clear and molten mystic main
Flood the senses: there no night-fall
Casts the shadow of its gloom;
Pharos after pharos brightens,
Bursting into sudden bloom,
Like the diamond stars in heaven,
When the dusk is turning dark.
Lo! a white-robed angel-pilot
Guides to port a stately bark;
And the clangor of the anchor-
Chain methinks I hear once more,
Dipping into crystal waters
By that distant, peaceful shore.
Could I tell thee, fellow-stranger,
Of those heroes robed in light,
Thronging round the shining haven,
Who once walked the strand of night;
Tell thee, how in hands triumphant
Palms of victory they bear;

How a saintly soul is added;

How the welcomes load the air;

How the organ-peals of Heaven

Roll across the sea of glass,

Till the dulcet liquefaction

Grows e'en sweeter as they pass.

Shift, oh, shift, ye purple hangings!

Ere the twilight quench the day,—

Ere the remnant of its glimmer

Fades in gloom and fades for aye.

Lo! the cherished dream has faded:

Lonely in the dark I roam;

From the wings of fainting echoes

Fall the sounds of "welcome home."

THE VOW OF MIZPEH.

Delivered on the occasion of the 39th Anniversary of the Gæthean Literary Society of Franklin and Marshall College, May 8th, 1874.

Roll in ye roaring seas, and ever roll,
And fiercely dash against the daring rocks,
With snowy crests of foam, like fleecy flocks,
That o'er the slanting hill-side grazing stroll;

And let the trumpet-tone of every blast
Announce the battling armies of the air—
Give nerve to beard the lion in his lair,
And catch the lightning as it hurries past;

Transport the soul to highest flights of song,
And make it monarch of revolving lights;
Enthroned my fancy on the frowning heights,
And, like the eagle's, make her pinions strong.

Yet will I choose those gentler scenes, that stir
The depth of filial love in human hearts,
And where the day-star on his journey starts,
Prefer the palm to oak and mountain-fir,—

The stately palm, nursed by the sun and dew,
And cradled in the arms of milder storms;
And sing of Orient-lands and lovely forms,
That oft my spirit, child-like, homeward drew.

Like pink and pearly shells of ocean sing,
And ever sing a song of sounding waves—
Of homes in submarine and sunless caves:
This tribute of my spirit's home I bring.

Sunrise upon the hills of Palestine,—
And silvery dew on emerald spires of grass!
And sunrise, too, o'er Mizpeh's shifting mass,
That ebbs and flows a human tide divine!

A human tide, and wave on wave of life
They surge along a crowded, noisy street,
And different sex and age and passions meet,
While faint and dauntless feelings are at strife.

Ah! why with lovely, yearling buds, half-blown,
And nestling close to fond, maternal hearts,
Came forth each wife and mother, and departs
With dewy eyes, and moans a stifled moan?

Why, speechless, parts the son with aged sire,
And burns on pallid virtue's lily brow
The lover's last warm kiss, with many a vow,
While warrior-eyes flash forth heroic fire?

Why snuffs the battle-steed from far a breath,
As of a mortal foe, and paws the ground?
And why in mid-air mounts the brazen sound
Of shields and spear-heads, barbed with bloody
death?

The mighty Jephthah musters for the march ;
And all the flower of Judah, fiercely clad,
He marshals with the valiant sons of Gad ;
And over all bends heaven's approving arch.

There comes a moment, fraught with anxious doubt,
Before the fateful battle-word is given,
That makes the chieftain pause and look to
heaven,
Though made of steel, unbending, firm and stout.

As when, before th' imprisoned tempest breaks
The bulky, cloudy billows of the air,
The pulse of nature stops, and pale despair,
From heav'n-kissed hills to distant, slumbering
lakes,

Is deeply written on her wrinkled brow,
Upraised, as if imploring Heav'n: thus stands
The warrior Jephthah, lifting lofty hands,
His look a prayer, and on his lips a vow.

Ah, woe for thee, proud Ammon—proud of deed!

The print of Gentile foot on sacred sod

Alike to Jew is hateful, and to God:

Thy doom is set,—thy strength a swaying reed.

O Israel! the God of battles still

Shall fight thy battles as of yore has done,—

Stand thou a staring, listless looker-on:

Yet victory resounds from hill to hill.

Nay, turn we from the woes of war, and thou

And I shall mark the scenes of vision shift,

And fairy-fingered summer-breezes lift

The random-hanging ringlets from a maiden's brow.

She standeth tall and stately as a palm,

Or lily tall, that angel hands unroll,

And guards the sweetness of her ripened soul,—

A moment moulded in colossal calm.

Then blithesome as the tuneful bird of May,

As if the scarce unfolded flower of June
This Eden fain would guard from summer-noon,
Where calyx-bound the sweet corolla lay.

She stands before her father's royal tent,
Fing'ring the silken tassels of her robe;
And peers afar, where dim blue vistas ope,
As if beyond the welkin's western bent.

Hushing the quick pulsations of her heart,
Stilling the tempest of her sighs of fear,
Expectant bridling oft her breath to hear,
With lips, as held by whispered prayers apart.

And o'er the heaven of her beauteous brow,
With eloquent mutations all aglow,
The tell-tale lights and shadows come and go,—
Now bright with hope, and sorrow-clouded now.

Each bursting bud of inward joy appears
To blossom forth into a rosy smile,—

One moment like some lovely ocean-isle,
Then checked by snow-falls of foreboding fears.

“Shall I behold thee crowned victorious yet,
Oh father,—sun of all my youthful day!
And strew with flow’rs thy joy’s triumphant way,
And meet thee with the ivied coronet?

“Or haply shall with thee the sun go do down;
Or fall the oak, that claims my clinging love;
The ocean cease to be, wherein I strove
To lose affection’s gushing stream alone?”

So queries Jephthah’s queenly daughter: then,
As if arose from far off ocean-caves
The melancholy wash of endless waves,
Awoke the distant shouts of warlike men.

The dull, commingling din of mighty hosts;
The leaden tramp of thousands, marching home;

The bugle's blare, that rends the welkin dome,
And each alternate lull, triumphant boasts.

The stately horse moves on in majesty ;

The chariot-wheels, that crushed the fallen foe,
Roll o'er the perfume-breathing flow'rs, that know
No happier death, and live that they may die.

"Come now, my faithful maidens! 'tis the hour—
The birthday of my people's new-born peace,
The herald dawn of day, whose bright increase
Shall crown the noon of Jephthah's regal power.

"Come, bring me forth the robes of purest white ;
And bring me forth the timbrel, sweetest-tongued,
That e'er my father's halls with music thronged,
Bring sweet wild-flow'rs, my sisters of delight.

"And I will lead, and ye shall follow me,
And we shall meet the hero on his way ;

Delay, oh, golden eye of sinking day!
The shadows lengthen on the velvet lea."

By all the golden wealth of lovely youth;
By all the music of the spheres of soul;
By all the sweet unrest, without control,
That makes the poetry of life a truth;

By all the balmy deeps of sweet content;
By all the dewy dawn of starry hopes,
Who would not grasp the hand of Fate, that
gropes
In night of chance, and cry: "Relent, relent!"

"But no," we stammer in the self-same breath,
"A higher Hand is pilot to *that* hand;"
Then breathe a sigh, that unawares should stand
So sweet a victim on the verge of death.

Lo! foremost comes the warrior; heeds nor songs

Nor daughter's sweet rehearsals of his name;
His soul is in the starry heav'ns of fame,
Borne up on winged shouts of myriad tongues.

Yet now he heeds her: O, how beautiful!
How like a dream!—ah, might it be a dream!—
E'en Beauty's self incarnate, must it seem
To that fond father's heart; all else seems dull.

Now may ten thousand ranting voices rise,
And heedless drown above th' applauding hills—
Not all their lofty combination thrills
His soul like that sweet vision in his eyes.

Her face is yet the happy home of love,
That fills the temple of her sweet, white soul;
And on it sits enthroned, in calm control,
The majesty of angel-brows above.

Alas! in one short moment, what extremes

Of joy and anguish meet! O'er Jephthah's brow
A deathly pallor creeps: "Behold, that vow,"
He groans, "has shattered all my lovely dreams.

"How piercing, like a lance, that cruel vow!
So sharper than the arrows of my foe:
O, lovely daughter! thou hast brought me low,
These laurels turn to ashes on my brow."

Then, like a flower, disrobed of all its charms,
She stood a space; but straight the truth divines,
And round her father's neck the maiden twines
The soft luxuriance of her warm, white arms.

"O, father! let it be as thou hast vowed,"
She pleads with trembling lips, yet soul resigned,
"And I, the bride of Death, will go and find
A balm in woodland rills and mountain-cloud:

"Since I the trophies see for which ye strove,
And on His foes Jehovah turned his ire;

'Tis sweet to die for God, my land and sire,
And by that strong and threefold cord of love

“Lowered softly down into a silent grave,
To sleep with them that sleep: come, let us go.”

“Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me low,
My only child, and bravest of the brave!

“Now not a single silver star is left
To shine upon my dark and dreary night;
And whence shall come a sunbeam's golden light
To cheer my pathway, when of thee bereft?

“Ye winds, that come o'er Jordan from the West!
Come, gather up the threads of joyous song—
The timbrel's broken notes, that float among
The tall tree-tops, that shield the river's breast;

„And with the matchless rhythm of dancing feet,
Inweave them into one sad dirge of woe;

For Mizpeh's towered cage shall never know
A merry song-bird's melody so sweet.

“Full oft the frank and darling dawn shall kiss
The tears of night from off the brow of earth;
But ever thee, the fairest floral birth,
His gaze, among thy sister-flowers, shall miss.”

“Strike once more the virgin chorus!
Come, adorn me e're I die,
Maiden-playmates of my childhood!—
To the mountains let us hie,
'Mid the day-star's golden setting—
Pearly-beaded drops of dew—
Summer-twilight's mournful shadows,—
Help me mourn my sad untimely doom;
Help me mourn my blighted maiden-bloom.

“From these rocky towers of silence,
Gaze upon the promised land!

Like a garden crowned with roses—
Eastward to the Syrian sand—
Westward to the waves of Jordan,—
Blooms it in the golden haze;
Ah! the lovely charms of Nature
Pledge me stores of happy days;
Earth is gay with laughter and with song:
Must I leave, and yet so young—so young!

“Then, adieu, ye emerald meadows,
Threaded by the silver streams,—
Ye I greet with moistened eyelids,
Where I dreamt my golden dreams;—
All my lambs along the hillocks,
All my flowers beside the brook,
And ye shadowy arms of elm-trees,
Guarding home’s sequestered nook,
Where yon streamlet sings itself to sleep,
On that glassy bosom’s calmer deep.

“Heav’n, adieu! thou fount ethereal,
Where I drank since life began;
With thine azure-tinted bosom,
Yearning for the love of man;—
With thy rosy-colored cloudlets,
In the sunset glories dipt,
On that silent scroll of heaven
Oft I read the starry script,
Underscored by love and light and dew,—
Stereotyped on night’s unfathomed blue.

“Fare ye well! my playmates, faithful
All through life’s delightful dawn:
From the Spring-tide’s floral fullness—
From the golden day-light drawn,
Never more, with lightsome dances;
Sounding timbrel, wedded song,
Shall I lead your festive chorus
Flow’ry, peaceful plains along:

Yet, my spirit, hov'ring near, shall bless,
When, as brides, ye speak the happy—yes.

“Sisters, round my raven tresses
Weave the wood-land roses pale;—
Lead me to that fearful altar,
Bride of Death, so young and hale;
Once I hoped to see it redden,
Eastward, on my bridal morn;
But life's dewy day-blooms wither,
E're my noon of love is born.
Lord, I am prepared, receive me nigh!—
Father, slay;—but kiss me as I die!”

And as the golden glories of the dying day
Smote all the mundane mountain-heights ablaze,
Like beacon-fires, where struggling souls might
gaze,
There stood 'an altar 'neath its glimmering ray;

Beside it, robed in white, a virgin brave,—

A stricken father, mutt'ring forth a moan ;

Then through the gath'ring gloom there came a
groan,

And all was silent as the silent grave.

The dusky clouds along the tinted West,

Piled barricades about the sun-down quay ;

And weeping twilight closed the eye of day,

And all the sad winds softly whispered—"rest."

“ULMUS AMERICANA.”

Tree ode of the Class of '74, read on the Campus of Franklin and Marshall College, June 24.

I.

MERRY class-mates, say, what planted we,
In the planting of this *ulmus* tree?

One suny monrn in darling May,
When this year's baby leaflets burst
Their Winter shrouds within a day,
And held their tiny lips, athirst,
To Heav'n for sunshine, rain and dew,
We broke, all hands, th' unbroken sod,
With but the exception of a few—
(Good Shockey dug their share of clod)—
John, Jerry, Clarence, Dannie, Joe,—
From bold John Hancock, down the scale,
To music's Sheridan Monroe

With little Eddie and the pail;—
And none to act the foreman's part,
And none to give us *good* advice;
Each had his own good plan t' impart,
But none was worth a single dice.
We all agreed to plant the tree
In Heilman's best and latest style;
Yet none could guess how that might be,—
And so we planted here the tree,
And mark ye how it grows the while!

Deep down we dug its ample bed,
And from their nakedness and dearth,
We gently laid, like sheeted dead,
Its rootlets in the lap of earth;
We mingled with the native soil
A darker mould of richer spoil;—
Thus with the life that heav'nward thrills,
In sweet submission planted we

Two dozen concentrated wills,
In planting of this *ulmus* tree.

II.

Merry class-mates, say, what planted we,
In the planting of this *ulmus* tree?

Buds which the breath of Virgin Spring,
Shall kiss awake from Winter-sleep;
And in the light of balmy June,
When breezes sigh a love-lorn tune,
As through the dreamy boughs they creep,
Shall lengthen many a leafy swing,
Where mated birds, 'neath Summer-skies,
Atilt in joyous ease, shall sing,
And hide their nest from curious eyes.

We planted for the noontide hour,
A shifting shadow on the green,
Whose voiceless, yet persuasive power,

Shall be a generous go-between
For test-o'erburdened Sophs in June,
From eight o'clock till Rooney's noon.

A habitation and a home
For birds and beetles, bugs and bats,
High-toned mosquito tribes that roam,
Those dainty-fed aristocrats;
For gently palpitating leaves
A free, unbounded breathing-right,
Where his imperial palace weaves
The spider in a single night ;
And by and by a torch of light,
When kisses of the dawn shall smooth
The wrinkles on the brow of night,
To rouse each songster from his booth :
All this and more here planted we,
In planting of this *ulmus* tree.

III.

Merry class-mates, say, what planted we,
In the planting of this *ulmus* tree?

An emblem of the hope we hope,
An impulse of unfolding life,
An upward-tending aim and scope,
Firm-rooted faith in storm and strife.
See how its fragile boughs are crowned
Along the upright stem with leaves;
Its law of life is upward bound,
And breadth each year to breadth receives.
Be such our noble purpose then,
Thus let us set our mind at large;
In love to God and love to men,
Grow upward as our souls enlarge.

"ULMUS AMERICANA," thee
Thy mother earth and dews of heaven
Have christened from thy babyhood;

And this remain, aspiring tree,
Henceforth thy cherished name, as given.
Kind earth and heav'n provide thee food;
These towers,* that pierce th' ethereal blue,
These guardian wings and walls,
Protect thy tender years from wrong;
The benediction of the dew
Shall not omit thee as it falls;
These brother-trees, so tall and strong,
Scorn not thy young companionship;
Like secret lovers, here in bliss,
Thy youthful brow and trembling lip
The maiden moon shall nightly kiss.

Thus grow to manly strength and grace,
An added charm to these dear haunts;
Thou tak'st thy unpretending place
Among these older classic plants,

* The slender young tree, around which undying memories cluster, stands in front of the College building, under the shadow of a quartette of pinnacles, that ends the chorus of the tower.

As does, still fresh with kisses kind
Of Alma Mater's honeyed lore,
Among her sons of sturdy mind,
The infant-class of SEVENTY-FOUR.

POEM

READ ON GRADUATION DAY, JUNE 25, 1874.

Ὁ Ἀνθρῶπος.*

ONE star, and only one! It shines from forth
The roofless temple of ethereal space—
From midway on the westward-sloping heav'ns,
Between the zenith and you distant rim,
Where, cheek on cheek, the sky and mountains meet.
Softly the trailing curtains of the clouds,
Bleached by the silver moon, are held apart;
And thence that friendly eye beams forth on earth,
As from an open window in the heavens.
Fair harbinger! a far more glorious host
Shall follow thee. Thou art the prototype
Of millions soon to be, as heavenly fair,—
Born from the deeper darkness of the night;

*Man, or the upward-looking one.

For thou shalt shortly but a sister be,
Amid the quiring sons, that sang the praise
Of time's primeval morning.

Glorious hosts!

Lone sentinels, that pace th' eternal rounds
Of your untiring watch! sweet brothers, hail!
There's that in you, that draws my soul to yours;
Your looks are looks of sympathy and love.
The cold, indifferent gaze of my own kind
Oft chilled my heart, and I have keenly felt
The solitude 'mid crowded thoroughfares
Of cities; friendless sat beside the Lar
Of many a hearth, that bore the sacred name
Of Friendship's fane, in truth; but never yet
Have felt forsaken, looking on the calm
And constant brow of heaven, with all the winks
And wooings of its friendly stars.

How near

They seem to heav'n's eternal fount of light,

Who thus have power to sway a mortal's mind,
And sit in judgment o'er his destinies;
Yet thou, O man! art nearer to the throne
Of God, than they, the solemn stars. Thine eye,
The only eye, that yearning turns to heaven,
With trembling consciousness of self and God,
Divinely sparkles with prophetic light—
The light of thine immortal greatness—kin
And heir proclaims thee to the royal house
Of Heaven; bird of the bold and eagle wing
It names thee, ever soaring to the sun.

But thou, who lookest upward and beyond,
Whose inmost life is linked to God and Heaven
By more than golden links of Love Divine,
E'en thus art yet the efflorescent crown
And glory of a plant, whose clinging roots
Embosomed lie in depths of mortal soil.
Thou master thought of all the thoughts of God,
The first and central, realized the last!

Ideal, grand and perfect—long before
The beatings of the heavy clock of time
Began, full-blossomed in th' eternal Mind,—
Of golden fruit fair promise, dropp'd into
The placid waters of infinitude!
And thence concentric circles rolling forth
And ever widening in their dimpled course,
Till, from the faintest ripple, backward o'er
The grand gradation to its genesis,
The plan of God's harmonious universe
Lay outlined by its Architect Divine.
Thenceforward, up and towards this central thought,
Each struggling process of Creation strove.
Th' Almighty willed, and out of nothingness
The rude, raw elements of nature sprang;
And by His spirit's breath the countless worlds
Were launched and wafted into space,
Nor left to sail at random: each can boast,
As pilot at the helm, the Hand that made

Them glorious. Here, garlands of goodly stars
Are woven, there, are wrought in glittering belts;
Here, planets, strung like beads in bright festoons,
Are held with spangles of the precious gold,
The ruby's red, and tints of emerald green;
There, choirs of constellated worlds arise,
That in their very silence music breathe,
And in whose swiftest motions there is rest:
All, all to decorate the dome of God;—
To hail the advent of immortal mind,
And proffer, while eternal ages run
Their cycles, food for wondering thought and praise.

In darkness of chaotic night were laid
The firm foundations of this fatal orb;
Yet each convulsive throe and fiery birth,—
Each dread vicissitude of storm and calm,
But ushered in a brighter day, and brought
The toiling footsteps of advancing Time
Nearer their glorious goal. The winds and tides,

In their united toil above the sands,
Helping the earthquakes build their continents
And islands, set like emeralds in the depth
Of seas and moated by the fretting waves,
Gave utterance to grand, prophetic strains,
Repeated by the murmurs of the ancient ferns,
Titanic growths of dark, primeval palms,
And echoed all along the corridors
Of ages, where appeared and disappeared
The mighty aeons of omnific power,
Until, at last, the long succession closed,
Through which all living, moving things had passed
From higher unto higher forms.

And what
Shall crown the work that Heav'n pronounces good?
The prophecies have all been told. The shrine
Of God is reared and beautified—the grand
Cathedral of the Universe complete,
All, save the heav'n-aspiring dome—nay, all,

Except the living priest is there; and him
All Nature craves. The stately house is built
And furnished; stores of plenty, treasures vast
And precious, are at hand, it only wants
Its lordly occupant; the beauteous form
Of Nature, cast within a perfect mould,
Is there, but meaningless—it only wants
An all-reflecting soul; an empire, filled
With loyal subjects, holds an empty throne,
Unwielded sceptre and a crown unworn,
For which there is no royal head. The stars
That gem the heavens, and gems of flowers that star
The earth, and all sublime and lovely things,
That human souls invest with beauty here,
Are only perfect in the eyes of God
And Angels; music is there none within
The bowers of Eden, more than for the ears of God,
Or now and then for courier-angels, here
Crossing in flight from every clime of heav'n,

That make the quivering branches murmur, as
Their swift wings fan the ambient air.

A pause

Succeeds. 'Tis like the silent Sabbath eve
Before the morning of the hallow'd day,
When ends each week-day's weary work ere night,
And happy inmates, gath'ring round the hearth
Of home, give to their souls an attitude
To feel the kissing breath of nobler skies.
'Tis thus with Heav'n's angelic bands, that on
The utmost firmamental verge alight,
Gath'ring with lightning speed from either pole,
And o'er the unseen, equidistant belt,
From east and west. What mute, expectant souls
Look from the windows of celestial brows!
With breathless wonder they behold, how, in
The plastic hands of God, earth's fallow soil,
In moulding, grows into a Godlike shape,
Divinely fair,—a noble form like theirs;

And how this dust of ages glorified—
Quintessence of all worlds—begins to breathe
Th' immortal breath of God ; and in the cool,
Sequestered hush of Eden, while each bird,
Twilight-enchanted, sits in dewy sleep,
First walks, in sweet communion, man with God
His Maker.

What, O sun in heav'n, with beams
Unclouded, proudly throned above the hills
In noonday splendor, is thy flood of light,
When guaged with this new dawn of mental day!
How pales thy glory in its light! Thou, too,
Like whirlwinds in their surly pranks, and clouds
Of tempest goaded by electric spurs,
Must pay thy homage, ever due to this
Refulgent spark of bright Divinity.

Endued with sanctity of reason, lo!
What majesty attends thy movements through

The templed halls of Nature, thinking soul.
Thy grand excursions out to farthest bounds
Of space, from wooing worlds to worlds, exceeds
The lightning's speed. What noble powers are thine
To mould all things to suit thy inmost life—
If pure and holy, pure and holy they—
And clothe all naked objects with the hue
Of thine own feelings! Tuneless is the rill,
When there's no harmony within, and he
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives
In earth or sky.

How, like the honey-bee,
Does memory gather in from day to day
Its precious sweets, and poison with the sweet,
From every garden-plot of human lore;
While recollection bears in faithful hands
The golden key to mem'ry's treasure house.
What daring flights are thine, wild Fantasy!
High on the sun-crowned hills of lofty thoughts,

Where starry slumbers build an archway for
The dewy dreams of youthful bards to pass
Beyond the narrow limits of the known,
Thy roofless home is. Thou dost teach him how
To emulate the headlong storm; o'erleap
Broad-breasted oceans; weave into the woof
Of continents the silvery threads of bright,
Arterial rivers; chant a requiem on
The key-note of the winds of Autumn for
The slowly dying year;—and boldly crop
The tempting roses from the youthful cheeks
Of smiling dawn.

The world, O marvelous man,
Was made for thee, and thou wast made for God.
What higher badge of royal honors couldst
Thou wish for? Ruler of all creatures, thou,
Self-knowing, aye, self-moving, art a law
Unto thyself—spontaneous, free. Raise, raise
Above thy lofty brow! for thine's the high

Prerogative to correspond with Heaven.

O man! if thou but open heavenward
Thy spirit's temple-doors, the conscious chords
That form the rich Aeolian of the soul,
Shall sweetly tremble to the kissing touch
Of Love divine, harmonious harps in bliss,
And Heav'n's delicious dulcianas; shalt,
Thus pillowed on the father-heart of God,
O'erlook a landscape sunned by heavenly peace,
And drink the music of its constant calm.

What though there's discord deep within the breast,
And human will is not attuned to God's
Harmonious will; what though there's wrangling rife,
And hot debates, that have no end, within
The council-chamber of the spirit reign,
And conscience be th' inexorable judge,—
Amid all sad disorder, still the soul's
Immortal longings cease not;—Hope and Faith
Build on Divine Humanity. Toward him,

Who is the magnet of the universe,
All spirits tremble, restless evermore,
Until they rest in Him. And is it not
The best for man, this life of dreary days,
And toil and tears? Ah! who would call God's plan
A curse, by which on earth He educates
Immortal spirits for the higher schools
Of Heaven? Not hopeless lies the struggling soul.
'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder step
By step, whose topmost rounds are Heav'nly peace.
The purest pearls are snatched from roughest seas,
And oft from gloomiest mines, the brightest gems;
The iris-arch, in loveliest color wrought,
Suspended hangs on darkest walls of Heaven,
And from the darkness of the night is born
The rosy childhood of the sweet young day.
Yea, hope of Heav'n within the breast makes Heav'n

Of earth, and all is well—ah! yes, 'tis well;
E'en death is but the breaking of a dawn,
The waking from a dreary, wasting night,
And stepping into full and perfect day.

“ADSUM.”

MEDITATIONS AFTER A LADIES' ALUMNI DINNER,
AT HARBAUGH HALL.

I.

OFt the dull-sonorous thunder,
 Raised by two-score boots and more,
Made Professors gaze in wonder
 On the mighty Sophomore,—
Riding on, inglorious, unto glory, *ad hom.*,
Shouting, as the roll was called, a vigorous—*adsum* !

If any of the boys of '74 are within the hearing of my voice, *they* will know the literal and *not* literal of *adsum*, unless their memories have proved unfaithful in the keeping of the relics and trinkets, which were carefully laid on one shelf and labeled —“Sophomore.”

II.

Adsum !—while in dust and ashes,

Resting from ignoble thrall,
Lies each worn-out horse of Horace,—
Still it rings in memory's hall.
No more class-room rolls for those whom Duty
bade "come:"
Fainter falls, from sadder lips, a tamer—*adsum!*

Not all could afford to keep horses in those days,
and some, indeed, were satisfied with mere fragments of the noble beast.

III.

Adsum! still in glad responses,
When our Reverend Mother calls,
Each devoted son pronounces,
Cheered to seek her sacred halls;
Bread, our stomachs growled at: "thank you,
ma'am, I had some,"
Offered now but once, we straightway answer—
adsum!

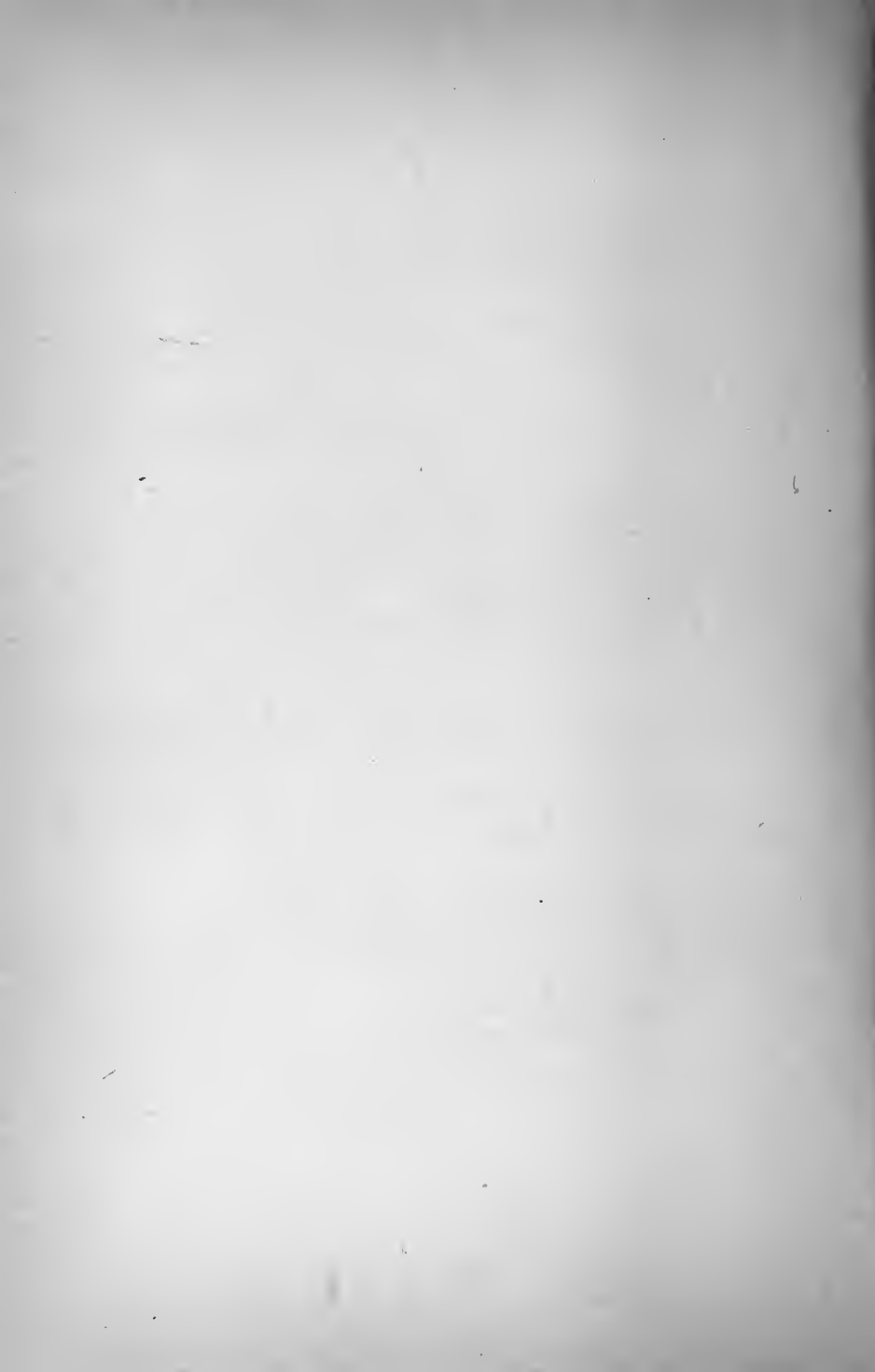
Everybody tries to *say* something smart to-day ; as for my humble self, I am only sure of one thing, to wit, that I have been *doing* something smart, and without a doubt distinguished myself, (though only a few of my immediate neighbors may know of it,) with the weapons used in times of peace and plenty.

IV.

Adsum! Mother dear, and sisters,
 Daughters by adoption thine,—
 D. Ds., A. Ms., A. Bs., and Mist'ers,
 Lo! we've heard your call to dine:
 What Olympian would not straight forego, e'en
 gladsome,
 Nectar-draughts, ambrosial food, and answer—
adsum!

“Ehret die Frauen! Sie flechten und weben
 Himmlische Rosen in's irdische Leben.”

—SCHILLER.



UNDER THE WILLOWS

*One sleeps beneath the swaying billows,
One 'neath the sod where heroes bled,
And one, with lowly-pillowed head,
Where desert-sands prepare a bed;
But ye beneath the church-yard willows.*

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of my friend and schoolmate, John Calvin Leisse, who died at Myerstown, Pa., April 21, 1873, in the 20th year of his age.

Is then thy sleep the sleep of death,
That will not break with breaking day,
That will not wake with waking May,
To breathe the magic of her breath?

Behold! a garb of summer's green
Enfolded twice the naked earth;
And twice the twitt'ring songsters' mirth
Awoke the daisy-dimpled Queen;—

Fair Queen that, lapped in flowery ease,
Leaves roses on the youthful cheek;
And in this nether world and bleak,
Two autumns mourned the leafless trees,

Since thou, dear star, so early set
 Beneath the dun horizon's rim,
That walls this world from That and him,
Hast left us nurse a dark regret.

Yet oh! ye purer heav'ns beyond,
 What saintly star looks calmly down,
 From glory's constellated crown,
And makes me feel the mystic bond?

A noble, generous heart was thine,
 Who learnest now, in brighter spheres,
 The alphabet of blissful years,—
The art of music more divine.

Thine instruments on earth are dumb;
 'Tis long since last they sweetly spoke,—
 Since last thy skillful touch awoke
Soul-strains, whereon my spirit swum.

I feel a want that thou couldst fill;
I miss a hand, so warm and true;
But long I've looked my last adieu,
And said: "My aching heart be still."

MEMORIAL VERSES.

On the anniversary of the death of Benjamin F. Smith, of Lancaster city, an eminently pious and noble-hearted youth; a zealous member of the Band of Hope, and ever ready to come to the help of the suffering and oppressed. He departed this life one year ago, April 14th, 1874, in the fifteenth year of his age, beloved and mourned by all who knew him.

“God’s finger touched him and he slept.”

—TENNYSON.

SUNBEAM of heav’n! one lonely year

Thou’st left our little world in night;

’Twas thine, upon some brighter sphere,

To watch th’ eternal dawn appear,

And ours the groping for the light.

One year ago, what hopes were rife,

Before the dreamless sleep of death

O’ertook thee in thy noble strife,

And empty left the stops of life,

That once were full of tuneful breath.

Dumb silence, deep and awful, stands

As watchman by the mystic door ;
No voice, no farewell-waving hands,
From o'er the billow-burnished sands,
That glimmer on th' eternal shore!

Since thou wast formed of finer mould,
That scarcely seemed akin to earth—
'Mid human dross a purer gold,
Like changelings of the summer-wold
Thy passage hence, thy heavenly birth,

Bears date of early-ended days.

In what bright world's unclouded sphere,
Beneath what sun's perennial rays,
Hast thou been singing sweeter lays,
While we have mourned one sad, sad year?

Oh! where, beloved, hast thou been

What pavements of transparent gold,
And walls, embathed in amber sheen ;

What river-banks of living green,
Didst thou, O sainted one, behold?

What heardst thou in that home of light,
For which thy soul had strong desire
Ere yet the spirit winged its flight,
And from the utmost earthly height,
Hadst hailed "My home!" and passed up higher?

Upon thy spirit's finer ear
The music of the angels fell,
While love-strong we were standing near,
And 'mid earth's tumult could but hear
The voice of woe—the doleful knell.

It passed, that soul in white; it paled,
The face that smiled a heavenly smile;
On earth we missed the light that failed,
In heav'n an added star they hailed,
To circle round the blessed isle.

Now come the joyous-hearted hours,
With all their melodies of spring,
Bringing ambrosial airs and show'rs,
And song unto the budding bow'rs,
And to each voice a merry ring;

But thou, the synonym of all—
The pure in heart, the beauteous soul,
Responsive through whose spirit's hall,
The echoes of the cuckoo's call,
And music of the brooklet stole;

Thou, versed in nature's sinless lore,
Art far beyond the change of time.
For thee our Springs shall bloom no more;
But on the bright, celestial shore,
Th' immortal rose of heav'n; the clime,
No heat, nor chilling frost can reach,
And peace of summer calm, are thine.

Alas! the empty forms of speech,
By which our struggling thoughts would teach
The solid truths of things Divine.

Ah! why should one so good and true,
The perfect flower of human kind,
Who, banded with a noble few,
From wretched haunts of madness drew,
With gentle hand, the erring blind;

Ah! why should he be called so soon,
When earth had need of such as he;
When, ere his sun had reached its noon,
Men blessed him as a heavenly boon—
Blossom of glorious fruit to be.

But Thou, O Lord, art good and just,
Thou gatherest in each pearly tear;
We bow before Thee in the dust,
Commit to Thee, in childlike trust,
The blank of this mysterious year.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF ELLA MATILDA, DAUGHTER OF
SAMUEL AND LIZZIE KLING. DIED JAN. 6, 1875.

“Sing for me, mother,” was the oft-repeated request of the little sufferer, while her life was fast ebbing into eternity.

SING for me in softest measures

Songs I loved in rosy health;

What to me are earthly pleasures?

What to me are earthly treasures?

Give me music's heavenly wealth:

Mother, sing for me.

Sing for me: thy soothing numbers

Woke and wooed the dawning soul

From th' abysmal baby-slumbers;

Sing the last, while earth encumbers;

Heaven's hosannas nearer roll:

Mother, sing for me.

Sing for me, let love entreat thee,
 Soon I'll touch the blissful bank;
Last on earth let music meet me,
First in Heav'n let music greet me;
 Earth becomes a misty blank:
 Mother, sing for me.

Sing, while earth to earth is clinging,
 Angels soon shall sing for me;
Lo! I hear the whispered winging;
Lo! I hear a distant singing,—
 Courier-waves of jubilee:
 Mother, sing for me.

EPITAPH.

So rests the sweet young spirit's folded bloom,
 In peace, upon the father-heart of God;
So rests within thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 The germ, whose life shall burst the burial-sod.

LINES

To the memory of Mrs. Eva Catharine Keller, who died at Lancaster, Pa., August 25, 1875, in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

“Two hands upon the breast,
And labor’s done.”

— MULLOCK.

FOLDED in peaceful rest,
Dear hands that long have toiled! folded above
The stillness deep of one devoted breast,
That throbbed with holy love!

And weary feet, that well
The devious paths of duty trod, are crossed.
Safe moored, beyond life’s faintest ripple-swell,
No longer tempest-tossed,

Thy bark has touched the shore;
A break thou’st left within the living rank,
That earth, O sainted Mother, fills no more,—
A silence and a blank.

Yet, oh, how sweet and true
Th' immortal memory of the good and just!
What amaranths of love shall sorrow strew,
Above the sleeping dust?

O life of beauteous worth!
Whose record dies not with dissolving powers;
Break, alabaster walls! ye give but forth
Sweet souls of heav'nly flowers;—

Fair flowers of noble deeds,
That bloomed beside her lonely walks of life;
Men marked their fragrance not, but He that heeds
Made sweet her generous strife.

Spikenard of heav'nly grace
She seemed, who chants by crystal river-banks;
Her perfumed praise here fills each lonely place,
And we that mourn give thanks.

That song and sweet refrain,

Which greets her, sing the ardent Seraphim;
That Hallelujah's far-returning strain,
Respond the Cherubim.

And if with gloomy grief
We mourn, we do her happy spirit wrong;—
That rich, ripe fruit of God,—that golden sheaf,
The angels stored with song.

How fondly clings the heart
To all the cherished scenes her life hath known;
They are the fadeless flowers, that bloom apart,
And memory plucks alone.

We feel her presence still,—
She liveth in the life of all good things;—
Wind-whispers make the heart's Æolian thrill
And wake its thousand strings.

Oft mark we unawares

A fair young form, a May-day blossom bright,
That led the stranger up the steeple-stairs,*
Edge all our clouds with light.

As life grew many-yearred,
Her early-orphaned heart but larger grew;
More beautiful that silent soul appeared,
The nearer home she drew.

On earth God's humble poor
In her have lost a never-failing friend;
For never empty-handed from her door
Did she the needy send.

She ever made her own
The orphan's righteous cause; in Zion's home
Her kindling beams of Christian kindness shone,
That bade the stranger—"come."

*In her childhood days she conducted many visitors up the steeple of Trinity Lutheran Church, at Lancaster, Pa.

How zealous for the truth!

How yearned her heart for those, who knew not
God!

How gently drew her hand neglected youth,
Upon the heav'nly road!

So lived an upright soul,
Who strictly gave to Cæsar Cæsar's due,
But unto God profusely God's. No scroll
Of earthly fame e'er knew

That hidden life in God.

Her work is done: her spirit's folded bloom
Now re-awakes on Heav'n's diviner sod,
Beyond the silent tomb.

Then fold her quiet hands,
And smooth her patient locks of silver down,
While Christ, beyond Oblivion's ocean-sands,
Imparts th' unfading crown.

THOUGHTS,

On hearing the sad news of the death of Miss Ida Virginia Linville, on Saturday evening, October 23d, 1875. These few humble flowers are now with reverence laid upon the grave of the silent sleeper, as a tribute to her memory, there to fade and perish.

“Ah! through how many different graves
God’s children go to him!”

How calmly, sadly sinks this autumn eve!

O day, thy sunset spent its last faint arrow:

Subdued, as if thou too hadst known a sorrow,
Thou seem’st with anguish riven hearts to grieve.

Oh! tranquil eve, breathe thou a low “good-night,”

Sad eyes are wet with tears of love and pity;

And underneath the twilight’s wing our city
Has felt a sudden gloom o’ercloud its light.

All-golden sped the day’s resplendent race;

And with that buoyant soul to make it brighter,
Who felt no happy thrill, with heart made lighter,
While doting on that hope-illuminated face?

Alas! it ended not as it began:

To-night I hear the sear leaves rustling sodward;

Sad hearts, grief-stricken, turn for comfort God-
ward,

And thoughts go inward, measuring life's short
span.

E'en now the autumn-glories fail and fall;

The heart that loved them can no longer cherish,

Cold are the hands that gathered, so they perish,

And storming winds shall scale each wood-land
wall.

We all do fade as autumn's tinted leaf;

But this fair leaf—no signs of fading bore it,

Till quickly came the blast of death and tore it
From its parental branch, and left but grief.

Ah! just abloom—the woman's full fair rose,

With all youth's fresh-unfolded fragrance laden,

While graces sweet of childhood and the maiden,
Like angels played round womanhood's repose.

How many a heart to-night shall bleed for thee,
So calmly hushed in that deep, dreamless slumber,
And tears that only God can know and number,
Like gentle rain-drops fall in secrecy.

A painful shudder runs from heart to heart,
As news are brought, how by that fatal water,
One parent-hearth has lost a lovely daughter,
And many a friend with gentlest friend must part.

"Beautiful leaves!" neglected now ye wave,
And weird wind-eddies of the north blow stronger;
Oh! gently spare them yet a little longer,
Then sighing wreath them round a new-made grave.

AN EPITAPH,

ENGRAVED ON THE TOMBSTONE OF A SAINTED
MOTHER.

REST;—for thou hast loved and labored,

Striven for the crown and won;

Rest in Jesus, faithful Mother,

Till the night of earth is done.



SOUL-BREATHINGS.

*Vain seem the flights that reach not heav'n,
And weak the songs not warbled round
The gates of glory. Yearnings deep
Within the human breast for light,—
Reachings for God within the dark,—
Crave more than reason's flickering lamp:
'Tis heav'n-born melody best fits
The sacred temple of the soul.*

THE GARDEN-TOMB OF GOLGOTHA.

St. John, XIX. 41-42.

SILENT EVE.

IN the
Twilight
Lonely
Looms an
Empty cross to-night.
Weeping angels flew
From the dreary height;
Shrinking Maries view
From far
The sight;
Night-dews
Weep the
Scene in
Silence;
Sad and
Low the
Night-wind
Whispers:
"It is finished,
It is finished!"

Amen! "It is finished"—gently
Lay Him in the rocky berth;
Breathe, O heav'ns your benedictions
O'er the slumber-lidèd earth;
Peace of God, with angel pinions,
Hov'ring o'er the rugged crest,—
Peace of God, enfold the Sleeper,
In the Sabbath of His rest!

Bring the linens,—myrrh and aloes,
Richest offerings for the dead;
Where the God-man strove and conquered,
Lay his weary limbs and head.
Hard beside the crimsoned altar,
Princely tomb, unfold thy breast;
Cherubim of God's Shechinah,
Guard the Sabbath of His rest!

Hear ye not in trembling echoes,
Hallelujahs, sweet and low?—

Sweet and low the Easter-prelude
 Blending with your chants of woe?
 Now begins Thy triumph, Victor!
 Grave, thou canst not Him molest!
 Faintly dawns the Resurrection
 Through the Sabbath of His rest.

EASTER MORN.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."
 "He is not here," the glorious Prince of life,
 Come, see the couch where late the Conqueror lay,
 In peaceful rest, from bitter toil and strife,
 Till herald-streaks of dawn proclaimed the day.
 O night of anguish,—sad sepulchral shade!
 How bright a day was born from out your gloom;
 How flash the gurgling rills thro' mead and glade,
 That burst the bands of winter's icy tomb.
 All nature wakes to beauteous life with Thee,

Thou Sun and Lord of each created sphere;
Hail, happy beams! that make the shadows flee,
And brush away the valley-mists of care.

Hail, happy beams! that leap the eastern hills,
And clear the clouded peaks of faith, or slope,
Swift-footed courier-gleams, whose message fills,
In many a soul; the empty void of hope.

He needs them not, your spices sweet and rare:
He lives,—go, swell the angels' jubilee!—
Go, meet Him, as triumphant palms ye bear,
Beside the ripple-crested Galilee.

Before the early rose of dawn had bloomed
There came an earthward rush of wings to-day;
The stone was rolled, earth shook, and hell was
doomed:
Come, see the empty tomb where Jesus lay.

ONLY ONE.

“What is thy only comfort in life and death?”

—HEIDELBERG CATECHISM.

O RESTLESS soul forever on the wing,
In quest of some enchanting clime,
Where thou wouldst build thy earthly rest and cling
To unsubstantial things of time!

There's One who paid the ransom-price of love,
That he might win thee for his own;
There's One, though far in cloudless climes above,
So near, who claims thee all alone.

There's only One on whom thou canst rely,
When powers of darkness shake thy trust;
There's only One whose love doth sanctify
Affliction's rod, benign and just.

O Jesus, Refuge from this stormy sea,
Sure Anchorage in life's unrest;
Unto the haven of thy breast I flee,
And there lay all my doubts to rest.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

O DAY of Christ, arise and shine!

Awake with Thee thy slumb'ring Bride,
That, clothed in beams of truth divine,
Her voice proclaim the Crucified.

With ripened waves of golden wheat
The harvest-fields of earth are white;—
O Zion, hear what hosts entreat!—
Go, make them garnered sheaves of light.

Benighted nations knock and wait,
For light and truth, before the door;
And they who stood in Zion's gate
In homes beyond the deep, implore.

For heav'nly bread Thy children call,
O Father of the fainting give;

And make the Gospel manna fall,
That famished souls may eat and live.

Sweet manna of the Saviour's name,
Bedew the dreary wastes of earth;
Thou royal food that angels claim,
O fill the soul's immortal dearth.

Till breaths of heav'n's diviner air
Upon each waiting soul shall blow,
And bring the sweets of answered prayer,
Which only Christ's beloved know.

Till all the gathered tribes of God
The kingly courts of Salem fill;—
With palms and song shall take the road,
That leads to Zion's heav'nly hill.

Till all the jewels of love Divine
Shall sparkle in the Saviour's crown,
And Christ's eternal day shall shine,
Where still the powers of darkness frown,

SUNDAY EVENING SONG OF PRAISE.

WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

I.

SAVIOUR, when the sacred day,
Slumber-laden, sinks away,—
When devotion's song we raise,
Tune the heart to sing Thy praise.
Come, with sweet, sabbatic peace,
Bid the earthly tumult cease;
Fill each soul with Heav'nly light,
While the earth is veiled in night.
Wake, oh! wake, my soul and sing,
While the peaceful moments close;
Wake, oh! wake, my soul and bring
Praises, ere we seek repose.

II.

Praise immortal fill each breast,

For the sacred day of rest;
For the bread that God has given;
For the royal wine of Heav'n.
Praise, immortal praise from all,
While the dews of mercy fall;
While the Saviour calls his flocks;
While the Spirit gently knocks.
Wake, oh! wake, my soul and sing,
While the peaceful moments close;
Wake, oh! wake, my soul and bring
Praises, ere we seek repose.

JESUS, THE GLORIFIED.

WORDS WRITTEN TO MUSIC, FOR THE COLLEGE
CHOIR.

“I leave the world and go to the Father.”—St. John, xvi., 28.

I.

CLOUD-FOLDS of glorious light enfold Thee,
And hallelujahs greet Thee home;
Hosannas on the way uphold Thee,
And like a flash through heavens dome,
On archangelic wings of snow,
The tidings of thy coming go.

II.

Good Shepherd, wilt Thou leave unshielded,
In this low vale Thy little flock?—
To Thee the doors of death have yielded,

Thou art become the mighty Rock ;
Leave'st Thou thine orphaned ones in night,
While thou art gone to reign in light?

Trembling fold, *thy* cause is mine ;
Trembling fold, *my* glory's thine,—
Parting brings us doubly near.
Father, shield them, Thine they are ;
Father, shield them,—what can mar
Their perfect peace,
With Heav'n so near?

“WE WOULD SEE JESUS.”

ST. JOHN, XII., 21.

WE would see Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
We would see Jesus,
The heav'nly Guest that trod
The thorny paths of earth,—
The golden streets of Heaven.

Show us the stony manger,
Reveal his wondrous birth;
Show us the sweet Babe-Saviour,
Show us the Christ of God.

We would see Jesus,
The tender plant of love;

We would see Jesus,
As angels see above.
Bring us to Nazareth,

Show us the wondrous Youth;
Show us the pure, white Lily
Among the weeds of sin;
Show us the World incarnate,
Show us the Christ of God.

We would see Jesus,
The generous, calm and lowly;
We would see Jesus,
The peerless, pure and holy.
Show us the gentle Shepherd,
Feeding the fold of God,
In whom all virtues centre,
In whom the rays all meet
Of sacred song and story:
Show us the Christ of God.

We would see Jesus,
High-priest of God to man;
We would see Jesus,

The Paschal Offering slain.
Lead us to Calvary's mountain,
Reveal the wondrous Cross ;
 Show us the suffering Saviour,
 The pale, sweet face in death ;
Show us the love of Heaven,
 Show us the Christ of God.

 We would see Jesus,
The First-born from the dead ;
 We would see Jesus,
Our ever-living Head.
Show us the empty tomb,
Show us the Prince of life ;
 Lead us to Olivet,
 Show us the Victor's triumph,—
 The King His throne ascending,
 Show us the Christ of God.

 We would see Jesus,

Him all, and Him alone;

 We would see Jesus,

On earth and on the throne,—

The Blessed One incarnate,

The Blessed One in glory:

 No life has such a beauty,

 No scene such heav'nly charm;

 Show us the ALL of Jesus,

 Show us the Christ of God.

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

A FRAGMENT.

AN unseen, holy temple grows to Heav'n,
Not reared by human hands or skill;
To raze it mightiest foes have madly striv'n:
It grows in strength and beauty still.
Its firm foundations rest upon a Rock,
Whereon the angry tides of time
Have vainly spent each oft-repeated shock,
Yet, baffled, left it more sublime.

And precious stones, from every nation brought
By them that help at Zion's wall,
Are by a Heav'nly workmanship inwrought,—
On Christ, the corner-stone of all.

HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

A LENTEN MEDITATION.

How shall a trembling creature of the dust,

Thrice Holy One,

Approach Thine awful, searching sanctity,

Thrice Holy One,

And bear Thy veilles, all-consuming glance,

Thrice Holy One?

With garments soiled, and sin-polluted hands,

Thrice Holy One,

And weary with the load of guilt and shame,

Thrice Holy One,

Before Thy mercy's gate we stand and knock,

Thrice Holy One.

From out these wintry sorrows of the soul,

Thrice Holy One,

Bring forth the spring-tide bloom of beauteous life,

Thrice Holy One;

Oh! make the lifeless branches bud and bear,

Thrice Holy One.

Look to the
Cross of the
Crucified One!
Dawn o'er the
Darkness of
Ages awaketh;

Long have they looked for the glorious sun,
Sighed for the promise of heavenly light.
Lo! in the rose-tinted East for thee breaketh,
Sorrowing soul, as the day from the night,
Heaven's last hope for the hopeless and dying.
Hie to the summit of Calvary's height!

Mount of all
Mountains the
Holiest, lying
'Twixt Heaven's
Bright portals,
Sinner, and thee.
There shall the
Burdens that
Weary be lifted;
There shall the
Sin-bearing
Lamb set us free;
Then with a
Sweet and a
Holy song gifted,

Homeward we press with a will;
For the one highway to Paradise still
Passes o'er Golgotha's holiest hill.



SONNETS.

I.

SOUL-BEAUTY.

WHEN, like a sturdy-hearted ship, I chance
To see some nobly-beauteous life glide on,
Not by vain glory's bloated canvas blown,
Or wind-propelling power of circumstance;
But with the tempest-fronting countenance,
Warm throbbings of a mighty heart, and 'lone
Upon the wrecking waves of passion thrown,
Yet proof against their power, with sure advance,
Unswerving, toward the haven of its rest:
Then stands my soul in reverential awe
Before that form divine, within whose breast
Repose the Godlike powers, whose beauteous law
Brings thoughts of many a gift, that buried lies,
Till sorrow drops from eaves of drooping eyes.

II.

TO "DAISY,"

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, MAY 31, 1875.

SWEET day, that gave my darling flower birth,

I hail thee with a snatch of tender rhymes;

Sweet May, thou'st wrought for one-and-twenty
times,

To crown me with the dearest flow'r on earth.

Yet sadly falls this golden day of days,

With many a league betwixt me and the bower,

Where blooms, in virgin grace, my Eden-flower,

That opens but to one sun's truthful rays:

Turn hither, then, thy sweet, confiding glance,

My love shall be thy never-setting sun;

From every false intruder's bold advance,

Fold up thy maiden-bloom, and wisely shun

Each nightly shadow, wheeled 'twixt thee and me,

Till time and distance meet in Heav'n's decree.

III.

AUTUMNAL SPLENDORS.

THE dainty footsteps of the fairy morn
Bestrode the emerald bridge of summer-leaves,
Whose sunlight-darkened depth of green receives
The print of rosy feet. O world, newborn!
And wrapped in royal splendors, that adorn
Some princely pagan of the East, how heaves
Thy bosom with a dreamy slumber; eaves
Of bright carnelian slopes let fall, forlorn,
Their fiery raindrops, singly and in showers:
Thus comes the mystic painter year by year,
And changes all the continental bowers,
Where, underneath those fretted roofs, appear
The congregations of the rustic crow,
To keep a brief, bright holiday, and go.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



A MISSOURI HOMESTEAD.

A SWEET, long dimple, kissed by sun and shower,
Peace-charmed and pressed into the cheek of
earth,—

A lawn of emerald beauty, hour by hour
Evoking joy and happy-hearted mirth:
Thus, nestling 'twixt two guardian hillocks, lies
The image of a long-lost Paradise.

If Peace and calm Contentment have a home,
And Care a cleft to fold its wearied wing,
'Tis here, o'er-canopied by heav'n's high dome;—
'Tis here, where summer-woven carpets spring,
And 'mid the vast expanse of velvet lawn,
Smiles forth a home, from want and woe withdrawn,

So stately-graceful, winning straight the eye,
Without the haughty air of feudal hall,

This home, where Comfort holds a rich supply,
A standing invitation seems to all,—
A hive of hoarded sweets, unselfish stored,
O'er which kind heav'n its horn of plenty poured.

Here housed amid the grand, ancestral grove,
Whose whisper-haunted shades protect the rear,
The petted squirrels free and fearless rove,
Through all the golden summer of the year;
Till here, on mossy-breasted trunk and tree,
Existence seems an endless jubilee.

And when the dropping nuts of Autumn-bowers
Have ceased their pattering through the painted
leaves;—
When Nature wears her jewels and snowy flowers,
And fairy frost-works fringe the pointed eaves,
These chiding tenants of the grove command
The bounties of a generous heart and hand.

Nor these alone, whose merry-making voice
Has all the ring of joy, are happy here:
These are th' abodes of gladness; here rejoice
The happy-mated birds from year to year;
Each leafy nook and shaded haunt is given,
To choose their bridal-bower, and build their
heaven.

Here, while the baby-dawn, with dimpled feet,
Begins to walk with faint and faltering steps,
Upon the topmost branches, soft and sweet,
Ere stirs the housewife bee from sunward skeps,
The little wood-bird's soul awakes and sings,
Shaking the dewy slumber from its wings.

And while o'er slumber-folded flowers is drawn
The twilight's gauze of tender-shaded gray,
There flutters, like the low love-note of dawn,
Within its downy breast, an evening-lay:
Oh, fit *finale* given to love's full nest!—
Thus home's *cantata* end—in song and rest.

But Nature stays a willful, wayward child,
Untutored by a wise and noble mind;
A skillful hand must prune the rampant wild,
And know th' impulsive powers of soil to bind;—
Adopt to lordly oak and lady beech
The rustic apple and domestic peach.

The buttercups in golden chalice catch the sun,
And laughing drink the milk of Mother Earth,
Nor crave the care of man, while seasons run,
Nor cheer with ruddy fruit the homely hearth;
But ere we tumble down the mellow pears,
The youthful sapling needs our toils and cares.

Behold the brotherhood of fruitful trees,
That round this rural home by hundreds run!
The rounded, ripened truth, whoever sees,
Shall backward reason, till his mind have won
The nursling premise, planted here and there,
That needs no proof of generous-hearted care.

Calm-cadenced as the rolling spheres of heaven,
How many a voice here utters silent praise!—
Soft praise to Him, who first has freely given;
And praise to thee, our noble host, they raise,
Who'rt Nature's priest, 'mid reverent-looking herds,
And myriad-hymning throats of sinless birds.

And we, who tasted of thy bounteous cheer,—
Thy brimming nectar-bowls of berries drained,
That wooed from brambly wildernesses here;
And drank the *jubilate*, heav'n-ordained,
That from thy templed grove harmonious rang,
As bird and bee and insect sweetly sang,—

Ah! we, thy guests, have nought but limping verse
To marshal and parade before thy ken;—
And lean, wild fancies, shadow-fed and coarse,
To banquet one of Nature's noblemen;
Yet given in truth and Friendship's holy trust,
Oh! deign to feast in faith upon a crust.

Ah! sweet, lone dimple, kissed by sun and shower,
Peace-charmed and pressed into the cheek of
earth,—

Bright lawn of emerald beauty! hour by hour
Evoking joy and happy-hearted mirth;
Reluctant, 'twixt thy guardian hills and skies
We leave thy scenes, O long-lost Paradise.

AN AFTER-CALL.

TO MY RESPECTED FRIEND JAMES F. DOWNEY,
EDITOR OF THE LOUISIANA JOURNAL, ON HIS
REMOVAL FROM LANCASTER, PA., TO THE
WEST.

LIKE one, who climbs the nearest knoll,
With one more word or token—
One kindly wish upon his soul,
That still was left unspoken,—
With farewell-waving hand in view,
And shouts: “Adieu, my friend, adieu!”

E'en thus upon his native height
Of song and meditation,
To plume the spirit's keener sight,
And pour his soul's libation,
A singer stands and sighs “adieu,”
But sighs it to the distant blue.

Why wakes each westward-puffing train
The minor chords of sadness—
The echo of an unknown pain,
That mocks the keys of gladness?—
Leaves in my soul a vague unrest,
That spurns my thoughts on toward the west?

I walk amid the moving crowds,
That throng thy native city;
I mark the sunbeams pierce the clouds,
And hear the snow-birds' ditty;
Familiar faces hurry past,—
All moves, as thou hast seen it last.

But if I've caught th' unuttered sense,
(And give it true expression,)
Of all the wordless eloquence,
That round me breathes confession,
The aggregate of cloud and shine,
Free bird, and "human face divine,"

Betrays, as one low-voiced refrain

My soul's lone depth is haunting,

That in our city's family-chain

One living link is wanting ;

And fewer now her noble few,

Her generous-hearted, good and true.

One brow's perpetual sunniness

We miss from morn till even ;

We miss one hand's warm heartiness,

To *all* was freely given ;

We miss a man—not made impure

By greeting both the rich and poor.

The student, in his beaten track

And daily tread-mill motion,

Or friendless, like a drifting wrack,

Upon some treacherous ocean,

Whom thou hast oft befriended, cheered,

Doth miss thee, whom his heart revered.

Thou'rt missed by thine aspiring band
Of blooming youths and maidens;
From rude, uncultured slang, thy hand,
To manhood's measured cadence,
These young debaters nobly led,
And bettered them in heart and head.

And on the sacred day of rest,
In school and congregation,
Where love-illumined brows seem best,
We miss thee from thy station ;
The living teacher's living thought
We miss,—the living teacher taught.

Thou'rt gone. The grand sidereal march
Of progress, westward tending,
Beyond the far horizon' arch
That o'er my visions' bending,
Drew forth thy keen, undaunted soul,
Like moon-drawn tides beyond control.

Ye're gone. From eaves of drooping eyes
Has sorrow dropped at parting,
And through dark-curtained night have sighs
And winged prayers been darting,
E'en faster than your train has flown,
That Heav'n might bear you safely on.

Ye're gone,—as sunset glories part,
Withdrawn by rosy fingers ;
Yet love-embalmed, in many a heart,
Your treasured mem'ry lingers ;
For friendship's golden ties, God-given,
Bind East to West, and earth to Heav'n.

1875.

“VOX HUMANA.”

Thoughts suggested while listening to the singing of Miss Liz-zie Apple, Sunday morning, November 8th, 1874.

Oh, exquisite expression ! sounds
That have a soul and speak ;
Deep undertones of heavenly birth—
Heaven's wandering echoes lost on earth—
Nay, treasured as they break
Upon the soul's immortal bounds !

Within this templed stillness—hush
Of sweet, sabbatic peace—
Full, rich and rounded swell and roll,
With unction of an earnest soul,
And calm, melodious ease,
Such strains as from pure fountains gush.

We hail them. Purer grows our sky ;
Serenest heights are seen

Above the morning-mists of earth,
And cravings of a soul in dearth
 Grow strong and relish keen
For Heav'n's diviner food brought nigh.

Seed-thoughts, perchance, that germinate,
 In many a fruitful mind,
Ne'er sprang from leisure-loving brains;
The fair idea's born with pains,
 And lives to move mankind—
Neglected genius ne'er was great.

We praise the sculptor's chisled thought,
 The glorious gift of song,
The poet's language of the heart,
And elocution's noble art,
 Nor dream that these belong
To things, that patient toil has wrought.

What gifts are thine, immortal breath!
 O, human voice divine?

What possibilities and powers
Implanted in these tongues of ours,
To praise, to bless, refine,
And not to slay a soul to death?

Lo! who shall lead the choirs above,
The choirs of faultless song?
Oh! when that new song shall we sing—
That new song to the Lamb, our King?
When shall each tuneless tongue
Accord with lyres of heav'nly love?

LINGERING ECHOES.

This loose bouquet of a few random-chosen flowers, hastily gathered here and there along the garden-walks of memory, is respectfully dedicated to the Excelsior Literary Society, of Palatinate College, Myerstown, Pa., and humbly offered by the author, in commemoration of their first reunion, Dec. 23, 1874.

Again I see the setting of an August sun,
And sporting insects break the level beams ;
Again half dream the scul-inspiring dreams
I dreamt that nightfall, when the day was done.

Again I quit the world's commotions loud,
And hie me to these halls of learned lore ;
Again drop anchor by this friendly shore,
Beyond the tumult of th' ignoble crowd.

Again I see *Bouleuo*, prudent dame,
A stranger at my mem'ry's threshold stand,
And lead the sweet, young *Amo* by the hand,
First love of every student worth the name.

Again on Fancy's fitful wing I soar,
And doubtful flutt'ring make in empty air ;
Again we grasp and forth in triumph bear,
The youthful standard of Excelsior.

Oh ! mighty stirrings in the younger breast,
That strive to make us men before we are,
And blindly goad us on from star to star,
Where are ye ?—have ye found precarious rest ?

Again we set the summer-blooms of yore,
And plant the Norway evergreen in May,
And, tending, watch, as twilight wears away,
Their still, prophetic growth from more to more.

Lo ! scattered lies the many-folded rose,
And dead are all the summer-sweets we knew ;
How scant the pearly-beaded drops of dew,
That brimmed the full-blown hopes ere morning's
close !

Ere morning's close, before the growing day
Had drained each lily-molded chalice dry ;
Now drooping underneath the noonday sky,
We languish for life's lovely morn of May.

Yet broken waves of sound come thick and fast,
That once have charmed and moved us much ;
The heart's Æolian feels the kissing touch
Of breathing zephyrs, blowing from the past.

Ye linger in the halls of mem'ry still,
Oh, distant, dying echoes, never dead !
Conjuring sounds and faces that have fled,
This day to re-unite on College Hill.

OCTOBER-DREAMS OF SUMMER.

As the gem remembers sunlight,
Hidden from the glorious day ;
So the hoarded beams of summer,
In my soul begin to play.

Summer, golden summer everywhere !

Summer in the solitude of woodlands, deep and
still ;

Summer running barefoot up the sun-illuminated
hill,

Summer on the ripple-crested lake and laughing
rill ;

Summer, golden summer everywhere !

Summer, joyous summer in the air !

Summer in the myriad-hymning throats of sinless
birds ;

Summer-song 'neath insect-wings, in lowing of the
herds ;

Summer in the merry-cadenced ring of human
words ;

Summer, joyous summer in the air !

Summer for the creatures of God's care !

Summer-kisses for the dimpled cheek of every
rose ;

Summer-calm for every leaf, that in the sunlight
glows ;

Summer-bliss for blossomed wings, that on the
flow'rets doze ;

Summer for the creatures of God's care !

Summer for the creatures of despair !

Summer for the crimson crop of clover-blossoms
sweet ;

Summer for the rip'ning of the thousand waves of
wheat ;

Summer that the fearful farmer may have bread
to eat ;

Summer for the creatures of despair !

Summer, golden summer all the year !

Summer in my soul when Autumn-winds begin to
blow ;

Summer-dreams when moaning winter-nights give
birth to snow ;

Summer, golden summer all the year !

Ever in the dreariest weathers,

Mocked by beauty's sad decay,

Keep, my soul, a gorgeous vision

Of a golden summer-day.

THE MYSTIC PAINTER.

Yearly comes a mystic painter,
 Painting all the woodland halls,
From Atlantic's briny border,
 Westward over mountain-walls,
E'en to where in giant slumber
 Heaves the broad Pacific's breast ;
Many a tender leaflet trembles,
 Blushing rosy as the West.

Now he dips his brush in sunset ;
 Now in saffron tints of dawn ;
Now in soft auroral glintings,
 Flooding midnight's lavender lawn ;
Till the templed roofs are fretted,
 Pillared with the knotted oak ;
Till the walls of sloping woodlands
 Bear the final master-stroke.

O, beloved land of freedom!

Royal households, peers and pow'rs,
Hast thou none to make thee vassal,
Save thy glorious autumn-bow'rs!
Kingly oaks arrayed in purples,
Queenly maples crowned with gold,
Princely gums, with crimson togas,
Hanging gorgeous fold on fold.

And the birch with light-brown tresses,
Slender, lady-like and tall,
Such as graced the ivied castle
And the ancient knightly hall:
These, and these alone, we boast of,
Fatherland of Liberty!
These, and these alone, we justly
Name the peerage of the free.

Nobly hast thou wrought thy purpose,
Bearer of the magic brush!

Then with noiseless footsteps parted
From the sylvan's shaded hush;
Comes another southward, prowling,
Like a wolf upon the flock,
Snatching every tim'rous leaflet,
Hurls it earthward with a mock.

CHIQUES ROCK.

LONG upon the topmost ledges,
Crag and edges,
Lingered I one dreamy day ;
While the sadness of the season
Numbed my reason,
Wrapt and bore my soul away.

All along that stately river,
Sunned forever
By the smiles of neighboring hills,
Slept the silence of October,
Breathless, sober,
'Mid the hum of human wills.

Dimpling, as in sunny laughter,
Ripplets after
Ripplets, kissing, seaward slide ;

While a face here, through all stages,

Gazed for ages

On the progress of the tide.

Dwellers in the valley yonder,

While I ponder,

Are ye careless of the sight?

Seek ye scenes beyond th' Atlantic

More romantic,—

Switzer Alp, or Highland height?

Long the veteran bluff caressing,

Lay I guessing

At the language of the rocks ;—

Speak, thou giant son primeval,

What upheaval

Raised thee 'mid the mighty shocks?

Art thou of that age heroic—

Paleozoic—

When our border-range was born
Canst recall the dread commotions,
Fiery oceans,
Heaving on creation's morn?

Polyphemus ! noble-breasted,
Moss-invested,
Dare I guess the fabled truth?
Woo'st thou yonder Galatea,
Fair idea,
Smiling in eternal youth?

Woo no longer coldly clever,
By thee never
Shall the maiden nymph be won,—
Fair, wild maiden, Susquehanna !
Strange arcana
Hid'st thou o' many a rural son.

Long upon thy topmost ledges,
Crag and edges,
Lingered I that dreamy day ;—
Lay at leisure, leaning o'er thee,
Where before me
Oft the Indian hunter lay.

NOVEMBER SEVENTH.

ONE day more of Indian summer, one day more
of sunny balm.

Ere the bitter, biting north-wind breaks the
dreamy slumber's calm.

One day more for silvery locks and tott'ring
limbs of age to court

Kindly kisses of the air, and sunbeams in their
fairy sport.

Though no longer whitened waves, upon the silver-
maple's crown,

Ripple into silence, and from silence into frothy
down ;

Though the half-unfolded rose has perished on the
thorny stem,

And the distant autumn-woods have lost their
glorious diadem ;

Yet I love the sober smiles and farewells of the
golden year—

Bid him sad “good-bye” to-day—to-morrow, shall
we find him here?

SNOW-FLAKES.

How softly falls the winter snow!—

One flake and then another,
And then a doubtful score or so
Come trembling down together.

And still the fleecy whiteness falls
With ampler shades of meaning;
The harvest-field of heav'n forestalls
Not earth's abundant gleaning.

I look across the farmer's fields,
And o'er the dimpled valleys;
O'er woods that lost their leafy shields,
And down the streets and alleys.

And everywhere, in pairs unwed,
Or noiseless avalanches,

A shower of blossom-snows is shed
From heav'ns wide-spreading branches.

How purely white, how deftly wrought,
These coy and starry crystals !
Post-paid to earth, with wisdom fraught,
They come as heav'n's epistles.

A Mother's myths, how pleasing strange!—
Child-faith would understand her,
That o'er the murky mountain-range
They plucked the goose and gander.

And oft as feathery flakes I'd see,
They seemed like Pity's preachers,
And roused a righteous wrath, to free
The downy-breasted creatures.

All night the flitting snow-stars fell—
The morning wakes in glory ;
The snow-enshrouded village-bell,
Proclaims its muffled story.

Two feet their wonted walls below,
Smile forth the crystal fountains ;
Two feet of pure, untrodden snow
Is piled upon the mountains.

Two feet, the farmer's wagon-shed,
Barn-roof and house encumbers ;
Two feet beneath its feather-bed
The baby-harvest slumbers.

Lo ! He that giveth snow like wool,
And shames faint-hearted reason,
Perfection lends the beautiful—
A charm to every season.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year is confined and entombed
In deep, oblivious silence of the past ;
Another year, with fresh hopes budding fast,
Crowds forth to bloom where late the dead one
 bloomed.

Another year has left a silence on the floor,
As some dear friend, forever taken leave ;
Another year, a welcome to receive,
Now stands a youthful stranger 'neath the door.

Another year, with sunshine, rain and dew,
Hath kissed the happy flow'rets into bloom ;
Another year steps up and sees the gloom,
His plastic hand must touch to life anew.

Another year has given the sower seed,
And to the eater bread, that he may eat ;

Another year shall take the royal seat,
A Joseph to dispense to them that need.

Another year, with good intentions fraught,
Has launched upon the boundless nevermore;
Another year, like many a one before,
Begins with godless "wills" that come to naught.

Another year has brimmed the cup of bliss
With precious human love and love divine;
Another year shall pour this noble wine,—
But who a heavenly Father's hand shall kiss?

Another year, by many a homestead door,
Has seen an added flow'r of love unfold;
Another year a form all pale and cold
Shall find,—a silenced foot-fall on the floor.

Another year, my God, at thy command
The tottering nations went their destined way;
Another year, my God, I calmly lay
My cares on thee, and take thy guiding hand.

THE SLEEPING LILY.

SUNKEN into sweet, angelic slumber, gone to dream
of Heaven !

So the eyelids close of daisies, heavy with the
dews of even.

Ripple-waves of golden tresses, left with summer-
winds at play,

Bathed her father's fondly-heaving bosom, where
she pillowed lay.

Sweetest little daughter, that a human eye could
look upon !

Surely, while that lily slumbered, angels, too,
were looking on.

While she dreamt her Eden-dreams of innocence
and love's embrace,

I, with soul enraptured, dreamt about the heaven
of her face.

Can it be, that sin and sorrow e'er should mar that
angel-brow?

Can it be, that cold neglect should blight the
hopes that blossom now?

Give it love's pure sunlight, ye that claim the
heavenly charge from birth;

Give the race a perfect lily—help to cheer the
dreary earth.

With the lovely sleeper's waking, woke each
beauty-budding ray;

Fairer for the rosy setting, smiles the newly-risen
day.

FLIRTATION.

THOU misbegotten mirth of wanton hearts !

Delusive sweet wherein a poison lurks !

Vain, thoughtless trick, that sharpens cruel darts !

Thou folly, fit for Satan and the Turks !

Whoe'er the wretched social code has framed,

Whereby the dainty 'kerchief's made a slave,

And unsuspecting youth entrapped, inflamed,

Him Virtue brands "Corrupter and a knave."

A precious hoop of gold, that tells she's loved,

May round a lady's first fair finger run ;—

The lily-molded left stays closely gloved,—

The freedom-loving right may have its fun.

From out the windows of the soul of him

Whose love is pledged, yet hankers still to roam,
Two youngsters wink and ogle at their whim
At fairy strangers : Love is not at home.

Bah ! put the pupils of the wayward eyes
To strict monastic schools, before they stray,
And with two other pupils compromise,
Whose mischief puts to blush the light of day.

THE HEADLESS GRASSHOPPER.*

POOR, helpless creature, thou hast seen

Sad days in thy short life ;

What fierce misfortune has there been,

'Mid earth's unending strife,

That to such sad results has led,

And left thee hop without a head ?

Didst thou oppose that snarling thing,

The reaper's noisy shears,

That clipped thee of thy crown, thou king

Of old historic peers ?—

Has modern haste for pelf and bread

Doomed thee to hop without a head ?

Poor thing, I can but pity thee,

*These lines were suggested, and partly composed, on seeing a death-defying grasshopper, minus his head, leap boldly upon the handle of my rake, while working on the harvest-field in the summer of 1874.

As Burns th' immortal mouse ;
Could he but mark thy misery,
With neither head nor house,
He'd better sing the day of dread,
That saw thee hop without a head.

I can but pity thee, not kill
That vital energy,—
That remnant of thyself, which still
Performs its part for thee ;
Some men with heads not surer tread,
Than thou dost hop without a head.

But I must go to bear the heat,
And thou lie down to die ;
Thy brother-hoppers thus shall meet
Thy fate, too, by and by ;
And I, when summer-days have fled,
Must see the hop without a head.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.*

While rolling years go on and on,
And friendships bloom and perish ;
While hopes awake, like summer-dawn,
And darken while we cherish ;
Still by this gift, a Father's love,
My heart shall prove,
While rolling years go on.

While rolling years go on and on,
And selfish love I've tasted ;
Or mine, like sunny waves upon
The thankless sea-sand's wasted ;
Still by this gift, a Mother's love,
My heart shall prove,
While rolling years go on.

*A gift from Father and Mother, to their daughter Annie,
Christmas, 1874.

While rolling years go on and on,
And dear, familiar faces
Shall all the treasured one by one,
Within these empty spaces ;
Yet most a link of filial love,
This gift shall prove,
While rolling years go on.

AN ACROSTIC,

WRITTEN FOR AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

SISTER, cultivate an *inward* beauty:
As thy soul, thy body's light shall be;
Let the law of love be guide to duty,
Live a life as for eternity.
In thy spirit's depth the fount of sequence lies,—
Either sweet or bitter streams must thence arise.

ROMEO TO JULIET.

“Nur Liebe darf der Liebe Blumen brechen.”

—SCHILLER.

ONE year ago,—a loving “yes ;”

A brimming cup of mutual bliss ;

The truthful pledge to love and bless ;

The sealing with the first sweet kiss !

One sweet, short year ;—and yet how long !

When wedded souls must wait and sigh,

Till union, Heav’n-ordained and strong,

Be theirs, by Wedlock’s golden tie.

One year two hearts have throbbed as one,

Two souls had sight of Fairy-land ;

Heart spoke to heart, when speech was done,

In silent pressures of the hand.

We've guarded well, with lovers' art,
One sacred shrine, where souls are wed ;
Upon two altars of the heart,
One Heav'n-born fire of love was fed.

Oh ! say again that thou art mine,
Though oft, my Love, thou'st told me so,
And make me feel that thrill divine,
My soul has felt—one year ago.

THE TOKEN.

ONLY a rose-bud, crushed and sear,
One summer evening broken :
Full forty years his faithful tears
Embalmed the sacred token.

Only a rose-bud, crushed and sear,
With pale-blue ribbon banded :
Full forty years the maiden sleeps,
That once the rose-bud handed.

AN ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN FOR A BOOK-MARK.

AGAIN we hail the happy morn,
New-risen o'er a world forlorn, [born
Night's glorious birth when Christ was
In Bethlehem;
Endeared and noble friend,
Forgive the gift I send,
An offering that may lend
Each day a gem;
So may we seek each day and find
In Christ our joy and peace of mind,
God's richer gift to all mankind.
CHRISTMAS, 1873.



Blätter aus dem Lebensbuch.

Heure, süße Muttersprache!
Deinen Laut vergess' ich nie,
Der mir einst so hold erklingen
In des Lebens sel'ger Früh'; —

Der im schönen Lenz der Jugend
Tief in meine Seele drang:
Werde wach in meinem Innern,
Längst verklung'ner Glockenklang!

Des Arbeiters Abendlied.

Etwas gewagt, Etwas gewonnen! —

Vollendet, was der Fleiß begonnen :

Komm, süße Rast, du Himmelsfülle,

Laß träufeln in der Dämm' rung Stille

Dein Honigthau,

Dein edler Honigthau,

Krystallenrein, vom Himmelsblau.

Wie viele Tausend matten Glieder

Sinken im Arm der Ruhe nieder,

Und nach des Tages Last und Kummer

Ergeben sich dem süßen Schlummer ;

Nur Einer wacht, —

Nur Einer liebend wacht

Und zählt den Puls der stillen Nacht.

Etwas gewagt und Nichts gewonnen! —

So ist der schöne Tag entronnen ;

Ich ernte Trost und Ruhe spärlich :

Doch hör' ich fließen unaufhörlich
Den Strom der Zeit, —
Den lauten Strom der Zeit
In's stille Meer der Ewigkeit.

Etwas gewagt, Etwas gewonnen!
Wenn einst, von Sonnen hin zu Sonnen,
Auswandernd aus dem Staub, ich schwebe:
Dann kling' dies Zeugniß mir und hebe
Mein Geist, befreit,
Hoch über Raum und Zeit,
In's Morgenlicht der Ewigkeit.

Sonnenlicht durch Wolken bricht.

Nun bricht der dichte Wolkendamm,
Am Himmel meiner Seele;
Die göttlich schöne Friedensflam',
Mit himmlisch reiner Pracht,
Durchstrahlt des Geistes Nacht,
In meiner Schwermuthshöhle.

Der Kummernächte Perlenthau
Befeuchtet nun die Wangen;
Wie hing es, ob der Seelenau,
So lange schwarz und schwer,
Und fiel der Seufzer Heer,
Da Licht und Wolken rangen.

Der tiefste Kummer stöhnet nur,
Nie heilt die stumpfe Klage; —
O Thränenbad, du beste Kur! —
Was unaussprechlich, spricht
Er sanft die Thräne nicht,
Des Herzens beste Sprache?

Dech Herr, wer lag vor Deinem Thron
Und rief aus dunkler Höhle? —
Beglückt hast Du den Erdensohn,
Dem himmlisch süßes Licht
Durch Nacht und Wolken bricht:
Drum jauchzet meine Seele.

DER OWETSTERN.

Du stiller, heiliger Owethimmel,
Mit deinem scheene sterngewimmel,
 Mei dreemisch Herz begrieset dich ;
Du weckscht die zarte Lieb'sgefieler,
So ganz allee im Owetkiele ;—
 Nau denkt die Betsy g'wiss an mich.

For guk juscht mohl, es blinzelt ehrlich,
Sell golde Aag am Himmel herrlich,
 Der freundlichsiese Owetstern !
Ich hab's proposed, un Sie verwilligt,
Un seller Stern hot's grad gebilligt,
 (Verliebte dhut er's immer gern,)

Wann mir en zeitlang misse scheide,
Dann soll er an de' Duschberzeite
 Als unser Herzvertrauter sei ;

M'r derfen ihm die Secrets sage,
Un uns're siese Schmerze klage,—
Verloss dich druf er bleibt getrei.

Weit, weit dhut uns der Erdball scheide ;
Doch du, du bleibst un scheinst uns Beide,
O Licht der Liebe, hell un gloor,
Mir iw'rem Bergfeld dort, dem grose ;
Ihr iwer Dächer, Staab un Stroose,
Drägst du dem Wunsch die Fackel for.

O heel das siese Weh im Herze !
Ich kann's jo ball net meh verschmerze,—
Geh, schieb am Wageraad der Zeit ;
Dann derfcht du bal uns widder sehne,
Der Grosz' mit sein're liewe Glene,
Im Town spaziere, seit by seit.

DER ALT PÄTER.

“Ja, der alt Päter war 'n guter Mann.”

—'N. BAUER.

DER Päter war 'n guter Mann,

Des sage all die Leit ;

Er ruht wol now im kiele Grab,

Un geht zu Erd, un Asch, un Staab,

Doch lebt sei' Lob noch heit.

Der Päter war ke' Congressmann,—

Ke' Govenier im Staadt ;—

Wern all die Leit wie Päter war,

Ke' Ow'richkeit, ke Law sogar,

Kunschtabler noch Saldat,

Breicht m'r im scheene Freiheitsland,

Es wär' wie'n Paradies ;—

Er war ke' Bickbuk seiner zeit,

Der Node forgt, un griest die Leit,
Mit Worte zucker-sies.

Der Päter war 'n Bauersmann,
Vum gute alte Schlag ;
En fertel Meil vum Kerchhof naus,
Wu'r schloft im stille, kleene Haus,
Bis an der letschte Dag,—

Do lacht des Päter's Bauerei
Im Dahl, so grie un reich ;
O Erd', du bischt noch immer schee,
Wann's gute Mensche dreiwe meh'
Wie Päter in seim Deich.

Mit Parre hot er's gut gemeent,—
War ihnen herzlich trei ;
Sie hen's ah ziemlich gut gewist,
Un nie des Päter's Haus vermisst,
War als die Kerch vorbei.

Sei Herz war uff so wie sei' Haus,—

Nie war'n die Schrauwe loos ;

Ke' stimmes hot's zuerst gebraucht,

Ke' scheene Worte, hibsich gehaucht;

Ke' heilig Aagemoos.

'N Sinder war er wie mir All,

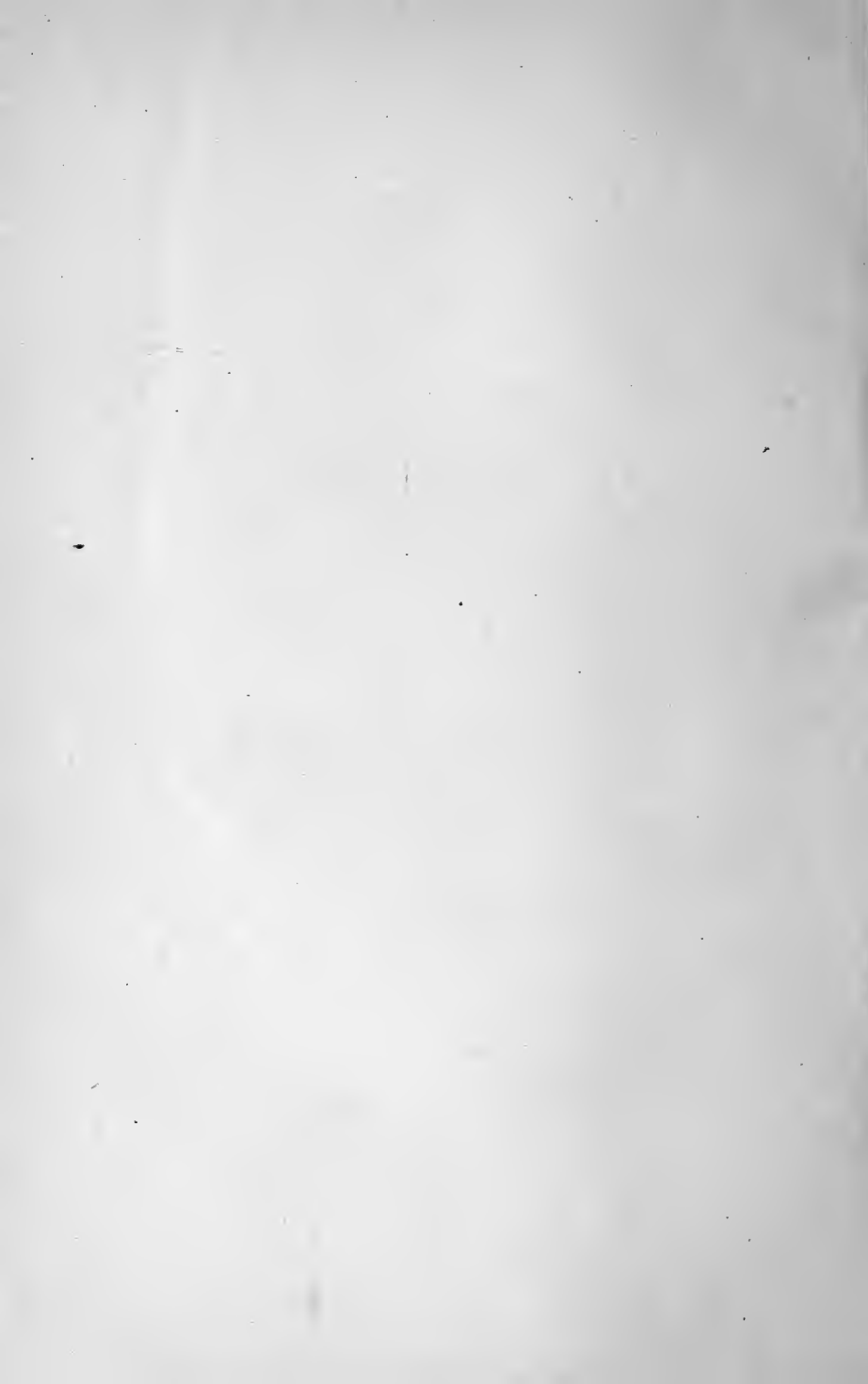
Un hot's ah dief bereud ;—

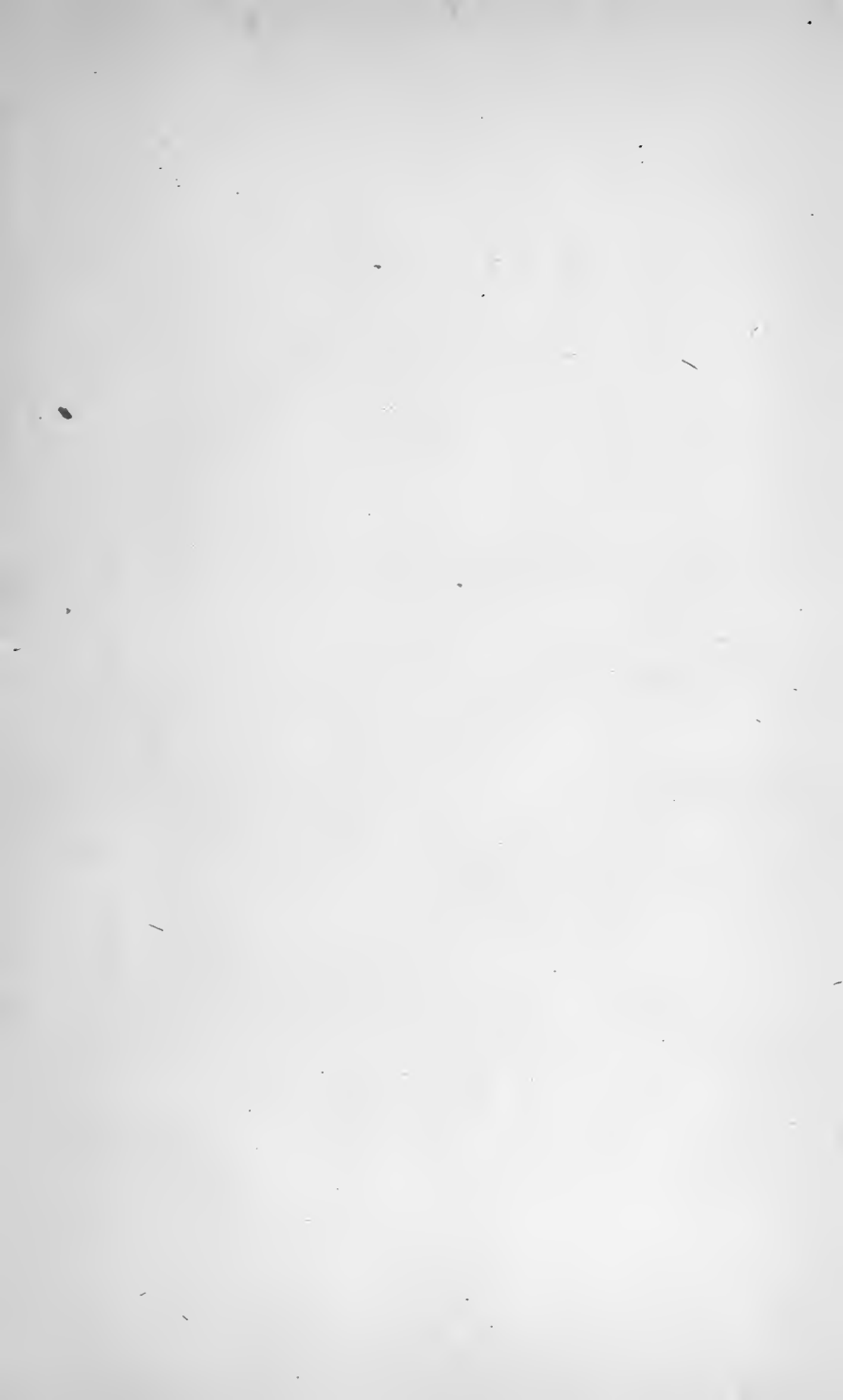
Un doch, un doch, O scheene Seel !

Wie wünsch ich mir dei' himmlisch Dehl,

Dei' selig End un Freid.











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